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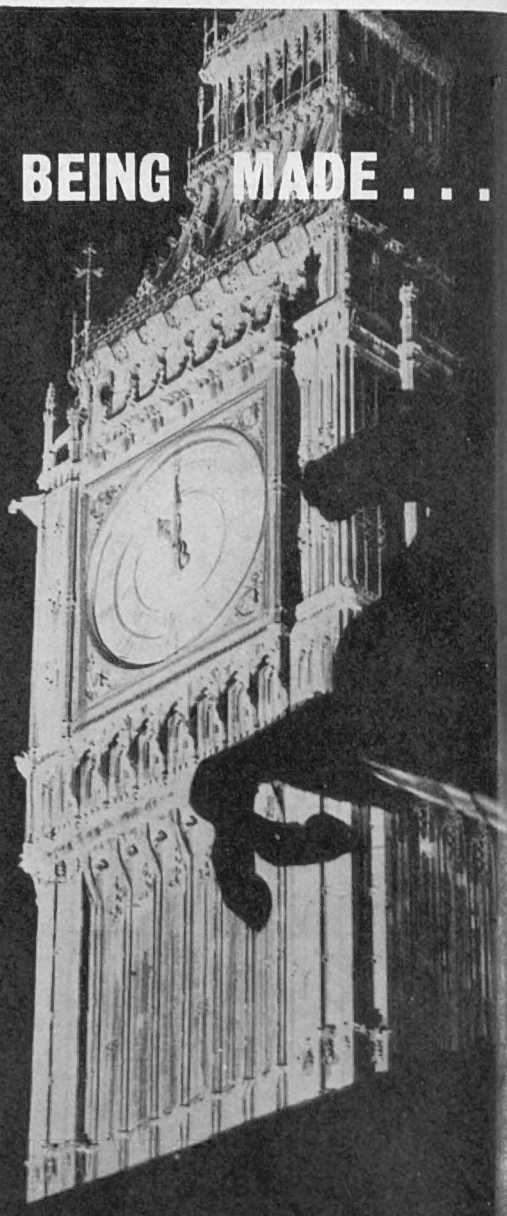

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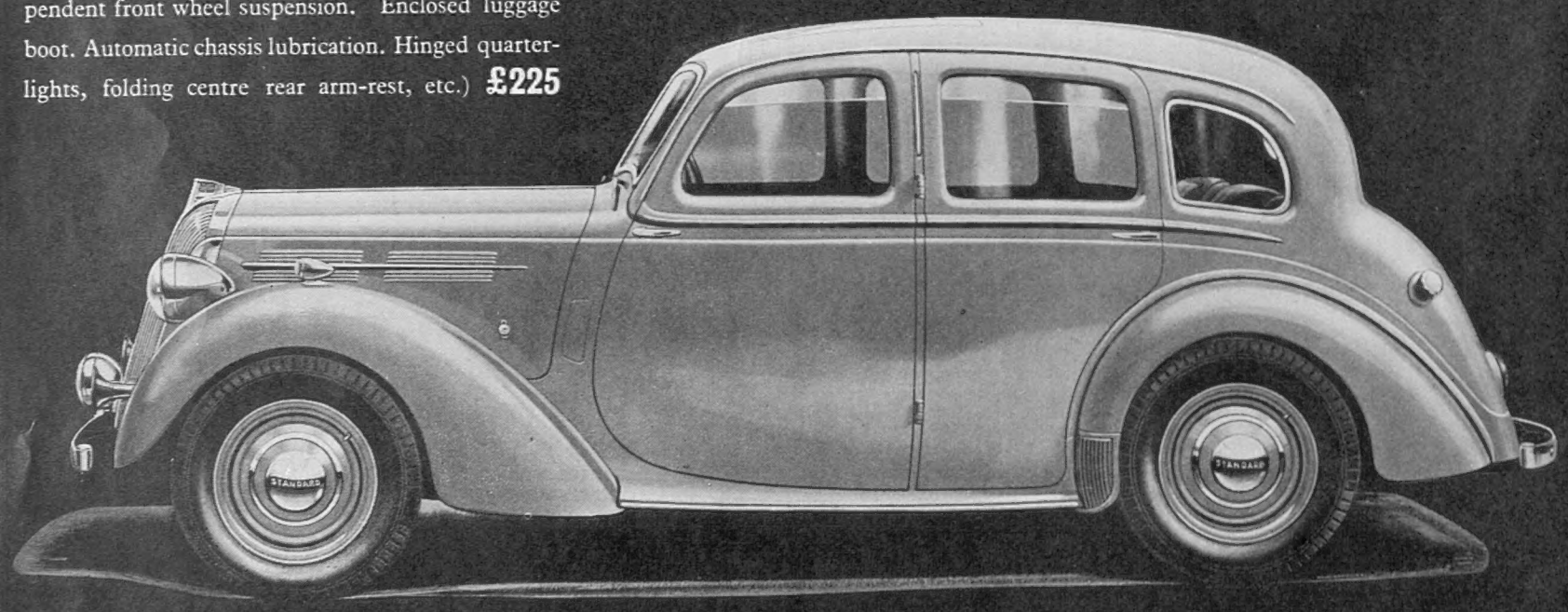

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THE NILE RISES TO ITS RECORD HEIGHT FOR SIXTY YEARS

King Farouk's Visit to North-western Egypt, Where a Link is to be Made with Italy's Great Libyan Coast Road

THE MENACE OF THE WATERS: A scene near the village of Dahab, Upper Egypt, where the Nile floods have been causing grave alarm as the river has risen to its record height for sixty years, spreading far and wide across the countryside. Farther north the situation has been almost equally serious, and in Cairo the infiltration of Nile water into the city drains has threatened to cause a breakdown of the whole drainage system, just as it did some four years ago. It is impossible to estimate what the floods have already cost the country of recent weeks, but undoubtedly the damage runs into hundreds of thousands of pounds

IN THE STEPS OF CLEOPATRA: King Farouk and his entourage walking along the Egyptian coast near Mersa Matruh (a favourite resort of the great Queen) during a three-day tour in the north-western part of the country where His Majesty received the homage of the leaders of 40,000 of his nomad Arab subjects. The visit was of special significance in that it drew attention to the opening up of this part of Egypt which is for the first time being linked by a proper road which will eventually join the great Italian highway running along the Libyan coast, making it possible to travel in comfort from Alexandria to Tripoli

SISTER LÉONIDE: A SAINT OF THE PRISONS

France's Most Celebrated Nun-Wardress Retires After A Life-time Spent Among Women Criminals, To So Many of Whom She Restored Both Courage and Hope

By FERDINAND TUOHY

WHILE Louis Napoleon was still Prince-President there was born a little girl, Justine-Julie Laboulique, to a well-to-do farming couple in the village of Coupiac, Aveyron, to this day France's least known and most sparsely populated and primitive department.

Eighty-seven years later Sister Léonide has returned to a neighbouring department, the Haute-Vienne, to end her days in the mother-convent of her Order. Will she ever—decades after her death—be Saint Léonide? That is doubtful. Canonisation presupposes evidence of the greatest devoutness, and that by intercession its subject shall have procured the physical recovery of at least two persons. At Joan's canonisation in St. Peter's it seemed redundant that two banners should flank the high altar, proclaiming the two the Maid was presumed to have held back from the grave—one, I recollect, an ailing Arras nun—yet there they were, and nothing tangible to proclaim the more weighty and striking "miracles" of Joan's accomplishing.

No, Sister Léonide is unlikely to be canonised, since it is not recorded that she was transfixedly devout—she even used to employ very odd language at times, picked up from her charges—while there is nothing to show that she procured the physical recovery of any one of these. France's most celebrated nun-wardress was concerned with moral recovery. If saints were made for that, then in the sixty-seven years that she lived inside women's prisons, this heroine with a mission must have earned the suffrage of hundreds of the worst of French womankind to whom had been given back courage and hope.

NUNS AT PRAYER IN THE CHAPEL OF LA PETITE ROQUETTE, the short-term prison in Paris to which many women of the underworld are sent

A FORBIDDING EXTERIOR: The grim walls of La Petite Roquette where Sister Léonide, heroine of Mr. Ferdinand Tuohy's article, worked during part of her long career in the French prisons

NOW CONDEMNED: The notorious Paris prison of St. Lazare in which Sister Léonide first went to work as a nun-wardress. In her early days there living conditions were beyond description

WHERE LIFE SENTENCES ARE SERVED: The prison at Hagenau in which are incarcerated the murderess, Violette Nozière, and other women who figured in *causes célebres*. Convicts are treated better there than in some of the institutions

Among these are to be found names that have passed into legend—Gabrielle Bompard, Louise Michel, Thérèse Humbert, Mme. Clovis Hugues, the Widow Steinheil, Mata Hari, the ogress Aubert, la Bessarabo, Germaine Berton, Marie-Sidonie Ducret ("Fifth Army Girl Spy"), Marthe Hanau, Miffone, Josepha Kurès, Violette Nozière. Three I have met—I put Germaine Berton's life story into shape, later being asked to do the same with the memoirs of another of Sister Léonide's charges, Lady Edmée Owen. I remember glancing through these in a flat off Piccadilly, with the Lady opposite, but in this case it was thumbs down.

To return to little Justine-Julie, she displayed a vocation from earliest years and took the veil the year of the Franco-Prussian war; nor is it easy to say that she never dreamt her life would be cast among women such as the above because she entered the Order of Marie-Joseph which at that time exclusively looked after all the women's prisons.

For many years the young nun was to prepare women for the public guillotine—it is thirty years since the last execution of a woman in France—as she had to comfort others being shipped to the penal settlements of Cayenne—thirty-seven years have passed since the last Frenchwoman was sent to that hell on earth. Indeed, Sister Léonide was to witness a revolution in the treatment of women criminals (though this is not finished yet) between the far-off day she entered medieval St. Lazare and the recent afternoon when she was gently aided into a taxi outside the supplanting Paris prison of Petite Roquette. The first simply had to be condemned a year or so ago.

Short, highly-coloured, what one might call a little ball of a woman, "Léonide" remained extraordinarily young in looks, heart and mind. At more than eighty, she still chirpily showed rare visitors round "her" St. Lazare, though she served also at the Petite Roquette and at Fresnes. Fresnes is the great new model prison just outside the capital, taking men and women in separate buildings, and even children. Even wet-nurses are supplied. The French thought it was time to call a halt to babies living with their imprisoned mothers in the surroundings of a St. Lazare, and so at Fresnes the Under-Fours have their own quarter and playground where they are visited by their mothers.

Fresnes also has special conditions for girl minors, kids of from ten to sixteen who've been appallingly led astray. Each has her cell exceptionally containing (fixed) table, chair, bed, wash-basin, and a real window, if barred. Here artificial flowers are made. But a curious rule ordains that newcomers shall first be put in bare, dark cells for several days. This, it is claimed, reduces them to tearful remorse. They break down, they reveal everything, after which they are more easily to be handled.

Altogether, there are five women's prisons in France, two of which are distributing, short term, and remand prisons, Petite Roquette and Fresnes, and the other three of which, Hagenau, Rennes, and Montpellier, are the Aylesburys of the country—the *Maisons Centrales*, where murderesses, "lifers" and long-term criminals serve their sentences. Conditions in these prisons differ, and conditions in all of them differ from those obtaining in Britain, for their being far more severe.

Slightly less than 1,000 women criminals now inhabit these five prisons, a big falling off from the immediate post-war years, when there were 700 at Rennes alone.

The capital difference from our system is that French convicts can earn money which they may spend in the cantine or save for the day they face the world again. The women's prisons chiefly have contracts with the army and navy, shirt, sheet, and sail-making, but the convicts make other things such as children's flutes, paper fans and umbrellas, and every big city has a prison store where prices are low if merchandise is pathetically shoddy. Particularly pathetic are the artificial flowers that issue in avalanche form from the women's prisons.

The money earned varies from prison to prison, as so much else does. Let us visit Hagenau, Alsatian town of 17,000, whose prison, taking only Catholics, is situate plumb next door to the local military barracks. Hagenau is run by German sisters from Mainz, as before the war, when it was German, and its Governor Holveck hails from pre-war German Metz prison. Herr or Monsieur Holveck's motto is: Cleanliness, work, silence. He is very strict, yet Hagenau has its good points with its bad ones. A woman convict can earn up to 1s. a day over her electrically-driven sewing-machine, linen making. The State and the prison take two-thirds of this, yet there remains 4d. daily, and women coming out after a dozen or fifteen years have been known to do so with prison *dots* of anything from 12,000 to 18,000 francs.

A NUN-WARDRESS OF LA PETITE ROQUETTE: She belongs to the Order of Marie-Joseph, whose members labour in the French women's prisons doing a great deal for their welfare that is deserving of wider recognition

Hagenau women are required to take three baths a week, but they must pay their own dentist's bill or go without. If they talk in the workrooms they get a week in the underground cells on bread and water. For lesser infringements, such as misconduct in the cage-like dormitories, a meal will be stopped for several days or the transgressor will not be allowed access to the cantine. This is vital, in that the food of itself is wholly insufficient. Even morning coffee has to be earned by good marks or else paid for by the convict. The two set meals are thick soup and bread, with a dish of vegetables in mid-week and one of meat on Sundays. So women convicts, one might say, almost sustain life on their earnings, mainly purchasing coffee, chocolate, and sugar. "Lifers" get a quarter-bottle of red wine daily; others have to buy it.

The women wear coarse, dark robing, and scarfs—white for "lifers," blue-squared for the rest. For good conduct, ribbons are worn, and the reward is permission to write letters more freely. An extraordinary rule permits money to be sent into the prison, so that some prisoners eat quite passably. I recollect learning this, and lots of other things, in that Piccadilly flat.

A glaring case is that of Marie-Félicité Lefèvre, the well-to-do murderess of her daughter-in-law, now aged seventy-four and soon to be released. This old woman not only receives money from husband and sons, who can visit her three times a year, but manages her house property from Hagenau!

Non-family visitors "to see the prison" are not encouraged, as they excite the convicts. The Governor regrets that, even without them, French-women are not the easy problems their German sisters formerly were. All too often do the strait jacket or punishment cell require to be ordered.

Hagenau's star convict is Violette Nozière, now only twenty-five and serving a "lifer" for the poisoning of her father, an abominable parent who completely twisted his only daughter's outlook on life when she was just in her teens. Sister Léonide took great pity on her nineteen-year-old charge who had also been led into sniffing dope in the Latin Quarter. A grim thing against her was that after committing parricide she danced all night. Yet everything returns to that parent, and efforts to secure this young woman's release have not ceased. For some reason, Press, police, everyone bore down upon her, refusing to listen to a word she said. Yet in the years since, what she did assert has been proved to the hilt. In England, Violette Nozière would have been sent indefinitely to a reform institute.

"When she came to St. Lazare," relates Léonide, "Violette was like a hunted animal. For weeks she did not open her mouth, just raged inwardly. She wouldn't listen to a word from me. Then, at last, one day she came of her own accord, burst into tears, and spoke. Often afterwards I would come across her sitting immobile, her eyes fixed ahead, her lips trembling. I would say 'Cry, my child, cry, and you'll be better.'"

A second star at Hagenau is a Serb woman in the forties named Josepha Kurès. She is this because it is widely admitted that she is innocent of the crime imputed to her, the murder of her eleven-year-old girl charge in the Bois de Boulogne a dozen years ago. The "evidence" was—xenophobic, to

(*Continued on page 34*)

NEWS FROM THREE CONTINENTS

A Record of Events in Sweden, Italy, Siam, Chile, and the United States

ANTI-AIRCRAFT MANŒUVRES IN EAST SWEDEN: Prince Gustav Adolf, Duke of Vasterbotten, and son of Crown Prince Gustav Adolf, watching a recent demonstration at Eskilstuna, near Stockholm, with the District Governor. In the evening there was an experimental black-out

SIAM BUYS EUROPEAN ARMS: The Premier inspecting the new type of light machine-gun which is now being used in the Siamese army. The country is at present expending considerable sums on enlarging and modernising its forces, as witness the article that appeared in "The Sphere" of July 9 describing the way in which the city of Lopburi, lying to the north of Bangkok, is being made into a big military centre

AN ABORTIVE REVOLT IN CHILE: Government troops with their guns levelled against a building in Santiago, where rebels had ensconced themselves during the recent, short-lived rising engineered by a group of workers and students describing themselves as "Nazistas." Fifty-nine lives were lost in the fighting, which lasted for four hours, and among the 170 people arrested was General Ibanez, Chilean President from 1927-31

ITALY'S LATEST POLITICAL JOURNAL: The front cover of the first issue of *La Difesa Della Razza* ("The Protection of the Race"), a new paper published to express the official Fascist viewpoint on ethnological questions. The symbolic picture shows a member of the "pure Roman race" divided by a sword from Jew and negro

THE END OF A TRAGIC STORY: Mr. Jack Fleming, personal secretary to the late Count of Covadonga, and the Reverend J. D. Sullivan standing beside the coffin bearing the Count's remains after it had been placed in a vault at Graceland Memorial Park, Miami. It was the wish of the Count's parents, ex-King Alfonso and ex-Queen Victoria, that he should be laid to rest in Florida, where he met his death in a motor accident

VARIED FACETS OF THE

The Sudeten Refugees and the Freikorps—Hungary's

HUNGARY ENTERS THE ARENA: M. de Kanya (left), Hungarian Foreign Minister, Herr Hitler, and M. Imredy (centre), Hungarian Premier, pictured together at Berchtesgaden last week where the question of the status of the Hungarian minority

"SUDETEN GERMAN REFUGEES, WHO HAVE FLED ACROSS THE FRONTIER INTO GERMANY, ABOUT TO ENJOY THEIR FIRST MEAL ON GERMAN TERRITORY SINCE THE GREAT WAR": This was the odd wording accompanying the above picture taken last week in a refugee camp in Germany and submitted to "The Sphere." It seems to have been forgotten that Sudetenland never belonged to the Reich

RECRUITING THE FREIKORPS: Men presenting themselves at the Dresden office for enrolment in Herr Henlein's Volunteer Force which has been largely made up of Sudeten German refugees who fled across the border from Czechoslovakia into Saxony when the crisis appeared to be reaching its head. There are also a number of Germans in the force, and the equipment, of course, has been supplied by the Reich

THE CHIEF PARLIAMENTARY WHIP OF THE SUDETEN PARTY: Dr. Guido Kleiber outside his home in Budau. During the past six months he has played a big part in helping Herr Henlein regarding the varied situations leading to the crisis

EUROPEAN CRISIS

Demands—German Machine-guns Found in Sudetenland

in Czechoslovakia came up for discussion. Later, the Hungarian Government made a declaration to the effect that it expected the Magyars to receive the same recognition as the Sudetens. This development naturally aggravated Czechoslovakia's position

EVIDENCE OF SUDETEN PREPAREDNESS: These German-made light machine-guns were found in large quantities in secret stores in the Sudeten area during the search for arms following the declaration of martial law. For several months before the crisis came to a head it was known that gun-running was rife on the Saxon-Bohemian and Bavarian-Bohemian borders

FRANCE AND THE CRISIS: General Gamelin (left), supreme chief of the armed forces, and M. Albert Sarraut, Minister of the Interior, discussing the German-Czech situation after one of many meetings of the Ministry of National Defence in Paris last week

HOW ROMAN CATHOLICISM IS INVOLVED: This great crowd gathered outside the Church of the Sacred Heart in Paris to welcome Cardinal Verdier, Archbishop of Paris, as he arrived to officiate at a service of intercession for peace. Roman Catholicism is to-day more intimately bound up with political affairs than it has been since medieval times on account of Chancellor Hitler's active opposition to the faith, which refuses to accept Nazi domination

HARDLY AN AUSPICIOUS MOMENT: French peasants seen on arrival at Saarbrucken at the start of a tour of Germany which they have been making at the invitation of Dr. Ley, organiser of labour in the Reich

WEI-HAI-WEI WHEN THE FLEET IS IN: Looking from ... of Britain's China Squadron gather in summer-time. Wei-hai-wei was leased by Britain, but in the latter exigencies of war, it is nominally under the Japanese

IN unique surroundings of primitiveness and sophistication, of old Chinese customs and modern British comforts, the British navy spends its summer off—and on—the island of Liukungtao, more commonly known as Wei-hai-wei.

And this time the term British navy includes the wives as well, for at last N.O.s' wives are "on the strength" (naval marriage allowances were granted in April this year). The lucky ones are transported from Hong Kong by fleet oilers, and reach their destination in five days. The rest go by coastal steamer, calling at Swatow, Amoy, Foochow, and sometimes Shanghai on the way, and often taking as long as ten days to get to Wei-hai-wei—a wearisome business, particularly in the hot weather.

This lovely little island, of only a few square miles, lies off the province of Shantung on the north coast of China. In 1930 it was voluntarily returned to the Chinese by the British, together with the town of the same name on the mainland. Since the war the Japanese have taken possession, and both now fly the five-bar flag. The island is officially under Japanese jurisdiction, who, however, give their tacit consent to British occupation. So during the summer months most of the cruisers, destroyers, and submarines of the China fleet lie a few hundred yards off its shores, and the officers and their wives occupy the greater part of the Island Hotel.

True, the élite reside in comparative luxury and seclusion in the coveted half-dozen naval bungalows, but the rest live cheek by jowl in the comic cattle boxes which comprise an hotel suite. With only a bedroom, bathroom (by courtesy only, for there is no modern sanitation, and the bath consists of a Foochow tub and dipper), and veranda-living-room per family, these naval nomads create decorative and charming summer homes. But it is impossible to speak above a whisper on the verandas without being heard from one end of the hotel to the other—one can even hear one's next-door neighbour turning over in bed—and a husband and wife wishing to quarrel in private must go at least as far as the beach to do so.

A CENTRE OF SOCIAL LIFE: The hotel at Wei-hai-wei is occupied during the China Squadron's summer stay by the wives of officers who accompany their menfolk to the island. There are also a number of bungalows at their disposal

The island of Wei-hai-wei has an atmosphere all its own. Its lovely hillsides are covered with baby Christmas trees, planted half a century ago by an energetic Englishman. The cuckoo sings in the early summer, but most of the time nothing can be heard from the leafy branches overhead but the noisy humming of the cicada or scissor-grinder which resembles the wind through a million telegraph wires. The nights are cool and the days are brilliantly sunny. Flowers and fruit grow in true tropical luxuriance—giant sunflowers guarding beds of luscious strawberries; the much-prized Chinese gourd hanging alongside fat green peas; ripe peaches and plums piled in baskets with rosy-cheeked apples of the real English flavour and texture.

No traffic spoils this charming countryside—nothing but a mass of hurrying rickshaws carrying sailors to the rifle ranges, sun-tanned and laughing women to golf or tennis, lido or club, or leg-weary babies with their amahs trotting beside them. The rickshaw coolies are mostly farmers from the mainland who come over for the summer months—great, strong, hulking creatures, laughing and impudent, but everlastingly good-natured.

Life in the island is certainly unique. Your day begins when your room-boy brings your early morning tea and fruit (with as much promptness and as daintily served as in a first-class metropolitan hotel) and the water coolie fills your Foochow tub with hot water slung on two cans from a bamboo pole balanced on his shoulders. (This water has had to be drawn from a well some distance away and then heated on charcoal stoves.) In the meantime your five or ten gallons of good ship's water, for drinking and washing, has been delivered by one of H.M. ship's sampan-men, called "Tomatoface" or some such name, together with your daily ice allotment which goes straight into your veranda ice chest.

Very likely you breakfast on your own veranda, and if it is "your" day you soon begin to watch anxiously for the Shanghai hairdresser who periodically comes over from the mainland. If the weather is rough or the Japanese are cantankerous and the sampans cannot make the crossing, then there is far more consternation in the island even than when the word goes round that the Japs are shelling the mainland.

But if all goes well half the female visitors in Wei-hai can be seen with their hair plastered down in nets

the island to the bay where cruisers and destroyers remaining there till mid-October. From 1898 to 1930, year it was returned to China and now, through the who, however, do not challenge Britain's presence there

WEI-HAI-WEI :

Where Britain's China Squadron Spends the Summer Months

By JEAN GORDON

After an evening bathe the round of gaiety begins. Drinks on someone's veranda, followed by dinner in someone else's bungalow or at the Missie Annexe, which is the section of the club reserved for mixed parties. Here excellent food is served at incredibly cheap prices on tables set out in the moonlight. On Wednesdays and Saturdays there is a nine o'clock cinema in the canteen—a full-dress performance—and every Sunday night the big ships have movies on board, preceded by a superb buffet supper.

The admiral gives a " small dance " or two in his flagship in honour, say, of the lady ambassadress or some other such distinguished guest, and for this the senior captains give dinner-parties and the women get out their best frocks and forgo their evening bathe in order to preserve their coiffures.

But the peak of the week is " Black Friday." Then *the* club (not just the Missie Annexe) is thrown open to female guests. The best ship's band is engaged for the evening. Dinner-parties are given along the whole length of the club veranda, and dancing goes on actually till 12.45 a.m. (!) in what is usually the club library, cooled by the gentle breezes of punkahs automatically pulled by a soundly-sleeping Chinese boy.

After more drinks in the moonlight and perhaps a final bathe, the island visitors condescend to sleep, guarded by the giant Mongolian watchman who solemnly patrols the place.

But this is the wives' Wei-hai. In the meantime the navy is hard at work exercising. All day the sea-planes from the cruisers and the carrier take off and land and zoom overhead with a noise which is second only to the cicadas. The ship's firing practice conspires to wake the babies from their morning slumbers, even with cotton wool plugs in their little ears.

IT LOOKS LIKE A TEMPLE but actually it is the sailors' canteen on Wei-hai-wei

The fleet's annual regatta is held in the middle of the season. Before that there is the most rigid training but once that is over there is a noticeable relaxation. From four o'clock onwards the sailors begin to stream ashore to fill the village shops and overflow the canteen, which is housed in an old Chinese building, decorated with lovely and probably priceless paintings.

Frequently the weather changes with extraordinary swiftness and a baby typhoon will temporarily blow up, making it quite impossible for any boats to get ashore even the necessary few hundred yards. And if it is bad enough (as it was once this summer) all the ships have to put to sea over towards the mainland.

It is in this direction that the one Japanese cruiser permanently lies and reminds us from time to time that after all the five-bar flag does fly from the top of Centurion Hill, the highest point in the island. Occasionally, too, Japanese soldiers with drawn bayonets stride through the village in search of Chinese guerrillas who have escaped from the mainland.

The mainland these days is a half-dead place. The hotels are only semi-filled and there is curfew from 8.30 p.m. Most of the shops are shuttered and barred. Sightseers are taken to view the old walled city, the dusty cobwebby temple, and the convent where so much of the lovely local lace and embroidery is done. Here the following quaint notice greets the visitor :—

" We kindly request ladies and young girls to be decently dressed up when they come to the convent or to our showroom. Do not come in sun bath costume and NEVER in trousers, please."

There are lovely sandy beaches on the mainland on which to land for picnic meals after aquaplaning or sailing. And large tracts of the hillside are covered with dwarf oak trees which were originally imported from Japan by the British.

But Japanese though the place may officially be, the real Wei-hai is still the attractive mixture of Chinese and British which the navy has made of it. And this year even when the general exodus takes place in mid-October there will still remain a warship or two to remind all and sundry that Wei-hai is only having its winter siesta and will wake up again next year.

and hairpins for the rest of " hairdresser's day," while they stroll about in the sunshine. This is the only way to get it dry, because there is no electricity available till 8 p.m. (This, incidentally, makes it very difficult to do one's face when dressing for a party. One is apt to emerge looking either far too gaily coloured, or like the morning after the night before.)

Meanwhile, from breakfast time onwards—or even with your early tea—the daily chits begin to arrive, for life on the island is almost controlled by the ubiquitous chit system. Telephones are rare, so if you want to issue or accept an invitation you write a chit and ring for the bell-boy to deliver it—or send it by sampan if it is a " ship-side " message. Surreptitiously anxious wives and anticipatory grass widows hang about their verandas until the right invitation comes along, after which they can set about their day's adventures with care-free minds, while gay bachelors and grass widowers nervously pace the quarter-deck in the late forenoon, waiting for replies to their morning chits before they can clew up their afternoon's arrangements.

The mornings are spent in a variety of ways—in golf or tennis or swimming, either on the beach with the children or at the lovely rocky lido twenty minutes rickshaw ride away on the other side of the island. Or in interviewing and buying from the local tradesmen with their fascinating bundles of linen, lace, or Peiping jewellery ; ordering shoes from the local shoemaker (eight northern dollars —6s.—for a pair of buckskin, made to measure and fitted on your own veranda) ; and being measured for a suit by the island tailor, rejoicing in the name of Sin Jelly Belly. Or even in playing bridge or mah jongg and/or gossiping on a neighbour's veranda, finishing up with gimlets from the private bar before lunch. While any particularly interested wives turn the veranda telescope or field glasses on their husbands' ships to see if the motor boats are bringing them ashore for tiffin.

In the early afternoon a sacred hush descends. Veranda blinds are drawn down, and no one dreams of disturbing the sleeping multitude except on the most urgent business. By four o'clock the island comes to life again, and then there is more golf and tennis and swimming and tramping, this time with male escorts. Incidentally, the proportion of men to women is about 8 to 1.

A PLEASANT VISTA : Looking out across the bay from the sailors' canteen on Wei-hai-wei. In the foreground are the stalls of the Chinese fruit vendors who ply a brisk trade in the summer months

"DANK DEM SCHWEIZERVOLK": This notice, expressing their appreciation of the hospitality they are receiving, has been set up by Jewish refugees from Austria above one of the buildings in a camp in Switzerland where they are being temporarily accommodated. Since Germany's annexation of Austria, many hundreds of Jews have poured into Switzerland, creating quite a problem for the authorities

A HAVEN FROM PERSECUTION: Austrian Jewish refugees waiting for their mid-day meal in one of the camps where they are now being harboured in Switzerland. The Swiss are unable to give them work as the Confederation has an acute unemployment problem, and eventually they will be sent to countries where labour conditions are more favourable. Quite a large proportion may be drafted to the United States

WAITING FOR A CHANCE TO BEGIN ANEW: Typical Austrian Jewish refugees in a Swiss camp. The man *on the right* is a skilled musician and whiles away much of his time by practising, hoping all the time for the day when he will be able to join an orchestra and earn his own livelihood again

When Germany annexed Austria last spring, the fate of Jewry in the old realm of the Habsburgs was at once sealed, and since then there has been a steady exodus—a large proportion of these unfortunate folk crossing the frontier into Switzerland in order to escape persecution. Switzerland received the refugees with traditional hospitality but, having about 50,000 unemployed of her own, she was unable to provide any work for the newcomers, who have since been living in camps and will, no doubt, eventually disperse to other countries where labour problems are not so acute. Latterly it has also been necessary to restrict the number of new arrivals, steps being taken to see that only those subjected to particularly violent persecution be allowed to enter the Confederation. The above pictures were taken at one of the refugee camps by Ella Maillart, the noted woman traveller, who, it may be remembered, journeyed from China to India in company with Peter Fleming

A JEWISH SANCTUARY AS SEEN BY ELLA MAILLART

BURMA'S GROWING PAINS

A Period of Disorder Follows the Inauguration of the New Constitution—The Cause of Recent Rioting

By EDWIN HAWARD

GROWING pains are afflicting the adolescent constitution of Burma, now separate from India and autonomous under a coalition government. Sir Archibald Cochrane, the Governor, has exercised his special powers to give the Government the necessary authority to grapple with incipient disorder. From small beginnings on July 26, riots in Rangoon and other places have been responsible for a total of 220 killed and 926 injured. Those figures include 55 killed and 108 wounded by armed forces brought to the task of restoring order. Rangoon alone has casualties amounting to 89 killed and 448 injured. The power of preventive arrest given to the police under the Governor's special enactment applies only to the Rangoon area. Arrests of over 2,000 people have been made, 1,582 of them being due for trial in the districts and 445 in Rangoon. That is the statistical result of six weeks' unpleasant demonstration of the intractability of human tempers.

How did it happen? For some reason or other a press decided to reprint a book, published some seven years ago by a Burmese Muslim and containing polemical criticism of Buddhism and its founder. Burmese in opposition to the coalition in Burmese journals, unfriendly to the coalition in office, discerned in this republication cause for offence. They considered the Government should have taken steps to prevent it. Buddhist monks held a meeting of protest. A procession made its way to the part of Rangoon where Indian Muslims were resident. The fur flew, riots began. Although the casualty lists reveal that the conflict has been mainly religious, the racial issue as between Indians and Burmans has not been entirely absent.

Cheery, happy-go-lucky, the Burman is at the mercy of a fierce, passionate temper. In a crisis it is apt to send him off at a tangent. He is essentially a man of the fields, not of the towns. Sir George Scott has written that the Burman would far rather listen to the song of the lark than to the squeak of the mouse. He likes money for the spending. He does not like work except in so far as it brings him that money. Yet he is an industrious cultivator of the paddy fields from which Burma derives so much of her wealth. He sets little store by the accumulation of wealth. His highest good is enjoyment of life in jolly company. Individualist contentment comes easily to him in a beautiful country, sub-tropical but kindly climate, decorated by his dainty and capable women-kind who supply shrewdness and common sense to the partnership. He likes to be left alone. He may wonder at the assiduity of the Indian labour imported to develop Burma's resources. He is not enamoured of its representatives. So, although he would not emphatically support the proposed separation from India, it evidently fitted in with his mood.

Ninety per cent. of Burma's 15,000,000 are in rural areas. Her administrative association with India comes from an historical accident—annexation by a Viceroy of India, just as accidental as the fact that the Viceregal bodyguard carries Ava (Burma) among its seven battle honours. Ethnologically, culturally and, despite contiguity, geographically, Burma is cut off from India.

Separation carried the danger that Burma might forget her economic dependence on India—her most important customer and supplier of that labour which the Burman is unable or unwilling to provide. Of 1,000,000 Indians in Burma, a quarter are of the labouring class who come over annually from Madras to work at the harvest and in Rangoon. Other Indians are permanent residents, mainly traders, shopkeepers, professional men of all classes and Chettyars, the bankers and moneylenders of southern India. Chettyars financed the opening up of Lower Burma to cultivation. Like Charles Surface, the unthrifty Burmese have found the Chettyar useful but love not their creditors any more than Charles did.

Express provision for the welfare of minority communities in the new constitution pointed to autonomous Burma's probable concern with racial problems. The susceptibilities of India—a self-governing India jealous of the rights of compatriots overseas—would have to be borne in mind, especially as India's good will was and would be vitally important to Burma's economic stability.

Rangoon is especially exposed to this racial difficulty; 50 per cent. of its 400,000 inhabitants are Indians—about 140,000 Hindus and 70,000 Muslims. Buddhism is the Burman's religion, also that of many of the 200,000 Chinese in the country. The Indian population has a preponderance of males—four out of five.

Although the religious issue has given rise to the present trouble it must in large measure be regarded as the spark which sets the heather alight. Underlying the dissension is the racial animosity born of Burma's nationalist dislike of the stranger who, however necessary to the country's industry, is accused of battening on Burma's resources. With their families in India, large numbers of the Indian workers send remittances back to their homeland and this is interpreted—quite unfairly—as a cause of offence.

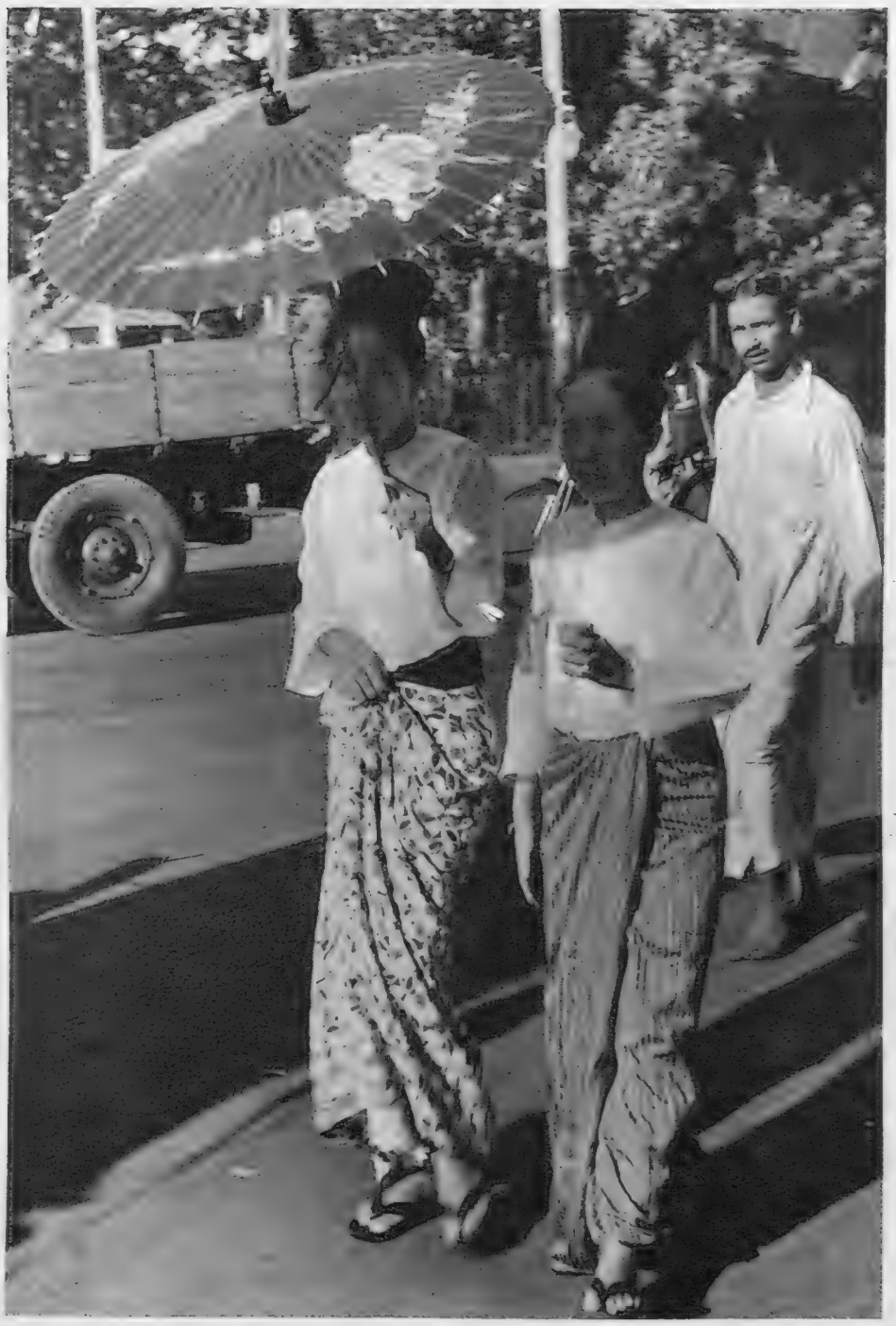
On the whole, however, the Hindus have kept clear of extreme friction. The Government has acted with firmness and there is little disposition to cavil at the measures taken, although hot tempers in the Legislature led to blows when the trouble was under discussion. Indian refugees had, however, told their stories in Calcutta and the Government was convinced of the necessity of ensuring full respect for the law. Hence the legislation enacted by the Governor under his special powers to give the police of Rangoon the requisite authority to prevent as well as suppress disorder. In an inflammable atmosphere restoration of complete amity will take time. The Courts can be trusted to deal effectively with the large batches of defendants held for their decisions. The cold douche of judicial correction should prove beneficial. The basic good temper of the Burman will assist. He can be made to see where his interests chiefly lie. That certainly is not in antagonising Indian sentiment.

BURMESE LIFE TO-DAY

Sights and Scenes in a Land Where Racial and Religious Differences Have Been Looming Largely

IN RANGOON MARKET

Just a few of the varied types to be encountered in Burma where the recent rioting was closely linked with the racial question and particularly with the essential antagonism of Burman and Indian, as Edwin Haward points out in his article on the previous page



SLIM ELEGANCE: Two young women promenading in Rangoon. While the men are at the mercy of fierce and passionate tempers, the women of Burma supply shrewdness and common sense to their partnerships

BUDDHAS EVERYWHERE

These figures are in the Paingu caves at Moulmein where they are to be found in astonishing profusion. In religious outlook the Burmans and the Indians differ widely, and it is for this reason that the two peoples, who have perforce to intermingle, are so out of sympathy with each other

Below—
A SIGN IN FIVE LAN GUAGES — English, Chinese, Burmese, Arabic, and Bengali —adorning the entrance to the Sule Pagoda in Rangoon. A picture that evidences Burma's polyglot character

PRAGUE HOLDS A BAROQUE ART EXHIBITION

Despite the Gathering War Clouds, an Important Show is Staged in the Czech Capital

IN a recent special illustrated feature in "The Sphere" attention was drawn to the notable revival of interest in Baroque art which, it is now widely held, has been condemned beyond its deserts, particularly from the viewpoint of sculptural detail; for, flamboyant though it may be, its rich imagery at least reflects an extraordinary virtuosity.

Only recently a Baroque Art Exhibition was opened in Prague, and, despite the gathering war clouds, it has aroused the deepest interest. A correspondent writes: "Baroque, the building style which reached its highest point in Central Europe, although it came from the south, exhibits some of its finest examples in Prague. That is why the Baroque Exhibition now being held in the Wallenstein Palace (lying beneath the Hradchany Citadel and itself a splendid example of the style) has attracted the attention of art-lovers from all over Europe.

"The style flourished, it is true, after the Hussite Czechs had been defeated at the battle of the White Mountain in 1620, and were under the domination of the Holy Roman Empire. But local influences had their effect upon the style. The Baroque palaces, churches, and gardens of Prague make the modern metropolis a treasure house of the style. In addition to the works of foreigners such as Mathey and Santini and the rich sculptural decoration by Jaeckl, Quitainer,

(Continued below on left)

CZECHOSLOVAKIA'S PATRON SAINT: This figure of St. Wenceslaus (*c.* 907—929), the Duke of Prague who was later canonised and is commemorated in the carol "Good King Wenceslaus," ante-dates the Baroque period but is included in the exhibition of Baroque Art which was recently opened in Prague, and despite the German-Czech situation, has been attracting great attention. Last Wednesday was St. Wenceslaus' Day and was duly celebrated in Prague

A LORD OF MISRULE: Wenceslaus IV of Bohemia, whose ill-starred reign was marked by religious conflict arising from the preachings of Huss. This representation of him, which has been lent to the Prague Exhibition of Baroque Art, shows him as a boy

and Most, there are the works of the great domestic or naturalised master hands, Braun, the Brokovs, and the Dienzenhofers.

"The Prague Baroque Exhibition is not, however, merely a survey of outstanding treasures which have survived to this day. In the Baroque churches with their golden ornamentation, original masses, oratoria and hymns of old Czech composers are given. In the gardens of the palace, concerts of ancient gambas, harpsichords, bugles and viols d'amour are heard, and plays and tableaux of the period are enacted."

On right—
COUNT LEOPOLD SHLIK (1681-1735): A typical Baroque work shown in the Prague exhibition

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HELLA TOROS

MAE CRAVEN

EVA TURNER

ARTHUR FEAR

EUGENE GOOSSENS

This quintet will be appearing at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, in the English Opera Company's season which is to open on October 10 and will continue until the end of the month. Hella Toros, who is well known in Germany and Italy, makes her London debut in English, and among her parts will be Nedda in Pagliacci *and Rosalinde in* Die Fledermaus. *Mae Craven will be Siebel in* Faust *and Santuzza in* Cavalleria Rusticana. *Eva Turner will be Isolde in* Tristan and Isolde, *while Arthur Fear will have the title role in* Rigoletto. *Eugene Goossens has been chosen to conduct* Madame Butterfly *and* Pagliacci

words allotted to Ulysses (the author was at least honest here when he talked of "this fusty stuff"), Mr. Robert Harris, Mr. Max Adrian, Miss Oriel Ross and many others. If a joke was intended it is a pity that *1066 And all That* was an infinitely better one. If not, I fail to see how tedious speeches become less tedious when the speakers are dressed in the mess-kit of 1938. I do not propose to hammer in again my dislike of modern dress for any play of Shakespeare; *Troilus and Cressida* would be no more attractive if Troilus were dressed as a Chinaman and Cressida as an Eskimo. Possibly in this case nudist Shakespeare would be the only solution.

"Good-bye, Mr. Chips."—This stage version, by the author and Barbara Burnham, of Mr. James Hilton's touching and popular little school-yarn, seemed to cause plenty of pleasure all round on the first night of its production at the Shaftesbury. It pleased the public-school brigade, who took it (as it should be taken) quite seriously; it also pleased, even more obviously, the non-public-school brigade, who waxed awfully funny and clever in the intervals about the old school tie and all that sort of thing (and, ye gods, what a long, long innings those jests have had!).

Since *Good-bye, Mr. Chips* looks like becoming as much a classic in that line as *Tom Brown's School Days* and *Eric, or Little by Little*, its dramatisation, so far as so episodic a story can be dramatised at all, should be thoroughly efficient, and efficient it certainly is. The atmosphere of the imaginary Brookfield—that mordant wit, the late Charles Brookfield, would indeed have chuckled at the thought that even a stage public-school had been named after him—is convincing; since no two public-schools are alike it is not possible to pronounce it authentic in every detail. The ancient school hall, with its portraits in oils, its gothic windows, and its names of school heroes of the past, with their dates, is a pleasant and credible spot. The masters are a human and, except when purposely painted as otherwise, a decent crew. The boys are unaffected and unexaggerated; little boys, both on and off the stage, should be neither epicene nor absurd. I have no great liking for child actors, but here we see them for the most part *en masse*, and opportunities for individual precosity are limited.

This brings us to Mr. Chips himself, whom the boys rightly adore—Mr. Chips as a young usher in the distant '70's, almost Smike-like in his awkward timidity, Mr. Chips grief-stricken at the death of his lovely young wife, Mr. Chips defeating a pushful cad of a headmaster, whose watch-words are efficiency and eaglets, Mr. Chips at his farewell dinner at the school and coming back to it (the school, not the dinner) to give war-time help, and, finally, Mr. Chips at ninety, *sans* everything but his memories and his lovableness.

For a lovable play it unquestionably is. Mr. Leslie Banks displays a quality I have never seen this fine actor display before—tenderness. Mr. Chips is a whale of a part, yet not for an instant does Mr. Banks allow him to wear his welcome.

Mr. Michael Shepley, at last with something worthy to do, showed his versatility by an easy progress from youth to the genial pomposity of the Chairman of the Governors. Unlike certain other stage-school plays, this gives its women a poor chance, but Miss Constance Cummings, as Mrs. Chips, was so exquisite in an all-too-short glimpse that I lamented her premature disappearance as whole-heartedly as did Mr. Chips.

"Vivacious Lady" (Film).—If there is a cleverer girl in the whole world of films than Miss Ginger Rogers, lead me to her. Compared with the moon-faced monotony of the Dietrich and the Garbo, and the sugar-sweetness of the average Hollywood pretty-pretty, she is as refreshing as ozone. She can dance exquisitely, can sing quite well, and, having shown in *Stage Door* that she was coming on nicely as an actress, now more than justifies expectations by her comedy work in *Vivacious Lady* at the Regal. In this film she dances and sings very little—indeed, too little. But her acting is so admirable that I can survive this disappointment, which is, one trusts, only temporary. That is to say, it will be a semi-calamity if Miss Rogers, justly proud of her success as a comedienne, decides never again to be Mr. Fred Astaire's, nor anyone else's, dancing partner.

This story of a young university professor who falls in love with a night-club blonde is conventional farce, good of its kind, well-produced, well-acted, and first-rate entertainment. Without Miss Rogers it would not amount to much, but all Miss Rogers does is perfection. Her sense of timing in a squabble scene involving hair-pulling and other tricks of inter-feminine warfare is a lesson in itself, if such brilliant fooling can be described in so didactic a fashion.

PARIS APPLAUDED HER: Viviane Romance as Adrienne in *The Strange Monsieur Victor*, a film that has just completed a continuous run of eighteen weeks in the French capital and is coming to the Curzon Cinema, Mayfair, next Wednesday

IN KHAKI AND FLANNELS: George Woodbridge (left) and Robert modern dress presentation of *Troilus and Cressida*, at the Westminster Shakespearean piece is so rarely played at all, there are few in a by any comparison. In his review, Mr. Philip Page says he fails to see become less tedious when the speakers are in the mess-kit of 1938

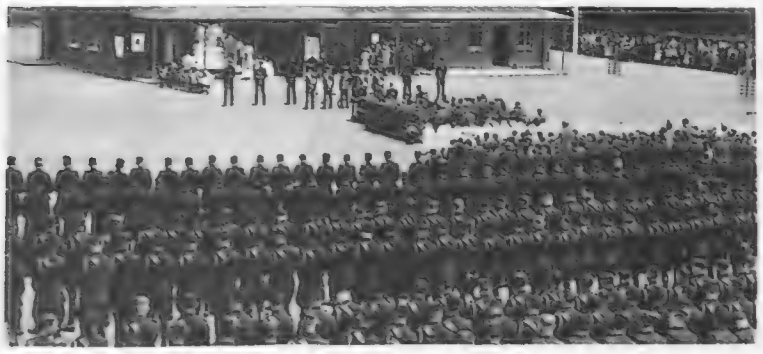
COMEDY AT THE COMEDY: Elsie Randolph, Margery Morris, Hugh Wakefield, and Geoffrey Sumner provide some admirable fooling in *Room for Two*, the bedroom farce by Gilbert Wakefield, a son of the late H. Russell Wakefield, Bishop of Birmingham. The plot of the play has been described as quite impossible, involving, as it does, female impersonation of an improbable order, but the author asserts that it is founded on an incident that actually happened. This is Elsie Randolph's first part in a straight play

EIRE BECOMES PRO-BRITISH

Old Conflicts are at Long Last Forgotten as England and the English Achieve a New Popularity in the Twenty-six Counties

SHOULD fate involve the British Empire in a war or otherwise in difficulties, there is one portion of her territories upon which she can confidently rely—Eire! It may sound hard to believe, but it is nevertheless true. What I saw and heard during a recent holiday in Eire was an eye-opener to me. The use at long last of statesmanship by Great Britain in her dealings with the "other island" has repaid itself a thousandfold. The English have become "the white-headed boys" in southern Ireland.

Perhaps it would be better that I should declare my qualifications, lest you might think I bear some traveller's tale or have attached too much importance to some specious landlord, anxious to please. I am born a Dubliner, took my degree in "Trinity," and we had a house in Dublin until 1928.



HIGH MASS ON THE BARRACK SQUARE: A service at the Curragh Camp, County Kildare. Eire's 1938-39 budget, introduced into the Dail last May, showed that Eire's army is being rapidly developed. The large sum of £600,000 was set aside for new expenditure on national defence

In the last fifteen years I have acted as a newspaper correspondent in half a dozen capitals, European or Eastern, and my job has depended upon correctly assessing public opinion. So that my reaction to Eire was based upon a knowledge of the background, combined with the newspaperman's proverbial scepticism. And when I say that England and the English are now popular in Eire, I mean just that and nothing less.

Exaggeration serves no purpose. I do not assert that you will not find within the Twenty-six Counties diehards of the one side who bitterly resent this wave of amity towards the "traditional enemy," nor malcontents of the former "Loyal Minority" who claim that they will never forgive Great Britain for her "betrayal" of those who had always been her friends. But I do say that the broad masses of the wage-earning inhabitants of southern Ireland now not only respect "England" (I am sorry for those who are touchy, but that is what the Irish actually call Great Britain), but definitely like her as never before. Not all the rantings of politicians can suppress a movement which is based upon an excellent mixture of common sense and natural feeling.

The ignorance in Great Britain of matters Irish is quite astounding. It is safe to say that not one Englishman in a hundred has crossed the strip of water which separates the islands. The reaction of the average Englishman towards the "trouble" in Ireland was therefore practically identical with what it would have been had, say, the county of Kent revolted.

Nothing less than this ignorance can explain (even if it does not justify) the singular ineptness of British statesmen in estimating Irish opinion, and such black chapters as the failure to back up John Redmond when he rose in support of Great Britain at the outbreak of the late war, or the later use of the "Black and Tans." The Irish cannot forget (why should they?) that Ireland was the seat of an old civilisation which bore Christianity to half Europe, during a dark period of English history, and not all the penal laws that were ever passed have convinced them that they were otherwise than equal to anyone. Some of my diehard friends of the "Loyal Minority" say that if Great Britain had put in the army, Sinn Fein could have been crushed in a fortnight.

Doubtless—but for how long, and with what end? The years 1798, 1848, 1867, 1882 and 1916 saw major or minor troubles in Ireland. Had Sinn Fein been crushed in 1921, how long would it have been before the bitterness of defeat found its outlet in a further outbreak, and to what extent would not the Empire have been weakened morally and materially in the difficult post-war years by the discontent in Ireland?

Is all this necessary? you may ask. I think it essential, when we are considering why Ireland is now friendly, that we have a sort of "clearing house of ideas," and discover what was wrong all round, so that nothing shall again arise to destroy these good relations which should be natural. The few "stage-Irishmen" who knock about London playing the buffoon for drinks or those more sinister who play the confidence trick for wallets are not the real Ireland.

The Irish can be as hard-headed as you please. If you don't believe me, try bargaining with an Irish cattle-dealer! But they are a highly intelligent and sensitive people, with a strong natural sense of dignity and more than the normal allowance of obstinacy. Irishmen in their own country never think of "talking down" to social inferiors. It would be the last way to achieve results.

So, Englishmen—beware!

In a way, the feeling of friendship towards England in Ireland is nothing new, but formerly it embraced only individual Englishmen who were excused for the faults of their government, and that government was held to be the villain of the piece. During the height of the "bad times" many English visitors went on with their hunting, fishing or shooting, and as long as the local Sinn Feiners were satisfied they were not doing a spot of espionage by the side, nobody thought of disturbing them.

It would be wrong to think of the Irishman as a fanatic, nursing old sores. That particular type was mostly an exile, more extreme than were his fellows at home. If you once accept the Irishman's preference to be ruled, even badly, by his own people, than, even well, by outsiders, he is normal enough in other ways, and most of Ireland has long realised on which side its bread was buttered.

Moreover, emigration to America has practically been stopped, so that since the war there are few Irish families which have not a representative in Great Britain. This intercourse has worked wonders. Another factor for friendship has been the numerous English tourists in recent years.

The position of "Dev" (de Valera) as "the man who beat the British" is quite unique, somewhat resembling that of the much-venerated late "President-Liberator" Masaryk in Czechoslovakia.

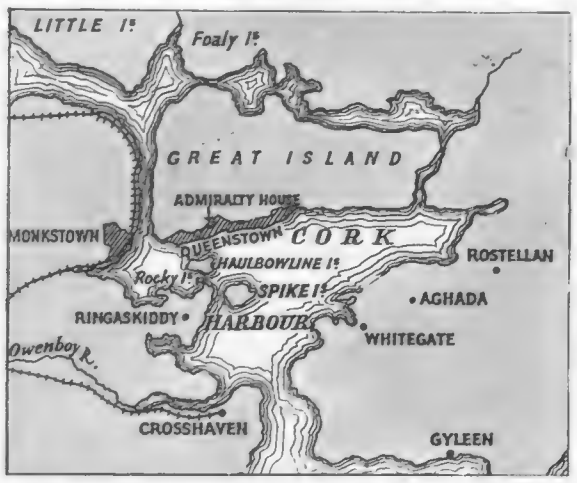
It would be wrong to think that all in Eire support him. Many dislike and distrust certain members of his entourage, who, they say, have fattened themselves at the country's expense.

But all admit de Valera's own honesty of purpose, and even his worst enemies respect his personality. From Great Britain's point of view no better man could be there, because he is a national figure and would rally the whole country behind him on a great issue.

Peace prevails in Eire and an atmosphere of hope in the economic future, but the Irishman is a natural politician, and I was astounded—as one who knows Central Europe—to find what a sound idea the Irish man-in-the-street had of the European issues. Nobody in Eire has any illusions about the fact that she would be affected by any quarrel in which Great Britain were interested. Should nothing arise to mar the present temper of Eire (and it seems difficult to imagine anything which could), there is little doubt where her allegiance will lie.

Shelton Scholefield

OLD QUEENSTOWN: One of many picturesque alleyways leading down to the harbour. The town has recently been in the news as a result of the transference of the forts there from British to Irish troops



Drawings by Percy Home

A MOMENTOUS CHANGE-OVER: *Left*—A sketch map of Cork harbour showing the position of Spike Island, which, with the adjoining fortifications, was formally handed over to Irish troops on July 11 of this year in pursuance of the defence provisions of the Anglo-Irish agreement—a measure that followed the negotiations between Mr. de Valera and Mr. Malcolm MacDonald and has caused the deepest satisfaction in Eire, being largely responsible for her present friendly attitude towards Britain. Spike Island was a British defence post for 150 years. *Right*—Cork harbour and Haulbowline Island viewed from old Admiralty House

AEROPLANE FAILURES

That Have Led To

POPULAR MISCONCEPTIONS

By Nigel Tangye

"MILLION To One Gamble with Death," was the stirring front page headline of one of the more "popular" organs of the press a few months ago. If, by any chance, one's curiosity was aroused by the prospect of these remarkable odds, one read of an adventure which had befallen a pilot the day before.

This pilot, it seemed, had taken off on a flight up north. His machine was one which was fitted with a retractable undercarriage. As soon as he was in the air he tucked his wheels into his wings where they remained out of the airstream and therefore offering no resistance to the air. Nothing odd about that. When he came to lower them again preparatory to landing at his journey's end, they obstinately refused to leave their snug quarters in the wing. Nothing he could do would shift them. The lowering mechanism had jammed.

This, then, was the situation which the newspaper reporter assessed as one of fantastic danger. In actual fact the odds on its outcome were not a million to one on a fatality but a million to one against the pilot injuring so much as a hair on his head.

This incident serves as a good example to show how the public is misled with regard to judging what is and what is not dangerous about aeroplanes. One can appreciate the working of the reporter's mind, even allowing for the sensation-seeking policy of his paper. An aeroplane has to have wheels so that it may run freely along the ground when taking off or landing. Right, then. If through some mishap the pilot is denied the use of the wheels, an essential part of the structure of his aeroplane is missing and presumably a serious accident must result.

All that will happen in such a case is slight damage to the aeroplane. It will simply land on its belly and slide along the ground like a sleigh. Its occupants need have no fear for their safety.

There are, indeed, occasions when a pilot will deliberately land with his wheels up. If he finds he has to land on rough terrain, or even in a boggy field, he will be able to do this with his wheels up without any fear of overturning. Pilots on American air lines are instructed to land with their wheels up on all occasions when they are faced with a forced landing outside an aerodrome.

There are other occasions which a pilot can treat with equanimity, but which a layman will consider to be fraught with danger.

Last year there was an adventure which befell a pilot flying a fighter at Tangmere aerodrome which attracted tremendous and unwarranted attention at the time. The pilot in attempting a landing misjudged his height in some way, bounced on the ground and swept his undercarriage away, but instead of remaining on the ground he put on his engine and flew round again to make another attempt (a normal procedure when a bad landing is made). When in the air he discovered that he had severely damaged his undercarriage and wisely decided to exhaust his petrol before coming down. The only danger attending such a landing, that of fire, he in this way avoided.

He had two hours petrol in his tanks so that there was plenty of time for thousands of sightseers to assemble to watch what they thought was a Roman holiday. When he did finally land they saw nothing spectacular and the pilot stepped out unhurt.

It is a curious fact that spectacular damage to an aeroplane is so often free from danger. It is somewhat of an horrific sight to see an aeroplane in the air with only one wheel, having lost the other when taking off—not that this happens but very rarely. But provided the pilot knows he has lost one wheel he can quite safely land on the other. I once saw a pupil on his first solo flight lose a wheel, and to make matters worse, he did not know he had done so and there was no means of telling him. Though it was unpleasantly anxious for those of us on the ground who were watching, he was in blissful ignorance and came to no harm when ultimately he landed.

Provided a pilot knows what is wrong he can always eliminate much of the hazard of a breakage or failure by acting according to the sudden change of circumstances. In the same way, if he sees that a crash is inevitable, he can, by keeping his head, deliberately crash his machine with far less serious results than hoping against hope that he can get away with it.

If, for instance, he realises that he must land on ground that is so littered with obstacles of one sort and another that he cannot hope to pull off an ordinary landing, he can so manipulate his controls that the machine will crash in such a way and on such a place that will ensure minimum damage to himself and his passengers. What often happens with an inexperienced pilot is that he fails to admit to the situation, sees that a crash is inevitable and lets the machine have its way.

(Continued on page 34)

THE LEFT-WING VIEWPOINT: M. Louis de Brouckere, of the Labour and Socialist International; Mr. George Dallas, chairman of the Labour Party; Herr F. Adler, secretary of the Labour and Socialist International; and M. Schevenels, of the International Federation of Trade Unions, pictured outside Transport House, London, after last week's meeting of the three executive bodies of the British Labour movement. The foreign delegates attended by invitation and were asked to give their views on the Czech crisis. Later a statement was issued containing the significant phrase: "With every surrender to violence peace recedes"

IMPERIAL DEFENDERS: Sir John Anderson, former Bengal Governor, Sir Leonard Browett, Secretary to Ministry of Transport, and Mr. Leslie Burgin, the Minister of Transport, made an interesting group when seen in conversation together in Whitehall Gardens after a meeting of the Committee of Imperial Defence

PERSONALIA

Labour Leaders and the Committee of Imperial Defence Hold Meetings

THE DEATH OF MR. DAVID LLEWELLYN: The airman son of Sir William Llewellyn, President of the Royal Academy, who was killed in an air crash at Lympne last week when flying with a pupil, Lieut. J. B. Kitson, of the Blues. Mr. Llewellyn was known as an ardent, if sometimes unlucky, long-distance flyer. *Above on left*—Composer Irving Berlin pictured on arrival in London last week preparatory to attending the British premiere of the film, *Alexander's Ragtime Band*

TRAVEL TALK

Build Up Your Wardrobe Round Tailored Essentials, and Remember that Comfort is All-important

PACK several suits—they are the stand-by of every travel wardrobe. And have slacks and shorts made to match at least one of the jackets. Take as many sports shirts as you like. They are laundered more easily than blouses, and they can be worn with the slacks. Have several vivid ones, because they are both practical and smart, and when you wear them with the suit and a hat add a large lapel ornament. This year it is the thing to wear jewellery at all hours of the day and with every sort of clothes, however casual.

On trains and in ships you will find head scarves more easy to wear than hats. If you are tired of the peasant handkerchief tied under the chin, try a straight scarf tied round the head, turban fashion, and knotted high in front.

Mohair is rather more luxurious than camel hair for a travel coat, and you can get it in wonderful colours. It is marvellously light and warm, and it hangs in the softest of folds. Fill odd corners with cashmere cardigans and sweaters.

For the rest, concentrate on evening and dinner dresses, choosing those that lend themselves to simple disguises. Have little boleros and jackets that can be worn with several of them, so that you can get fresh colour contrasts.

Make the most of the vogue for flowers, since they are charming and lend infinite variety to simple frocks. Remember that sashes and belts can work wonders, particularly when they match costume jewellery.

Dining and Dancing. First, a very charming dinner dress in grey carioca, the draped bodice discreetly slit and ornamented with two jewelled ornaments. It comes from Marshall and Snelgrove, and is also made in black and several very lovely colours. On the right, a dress for grander occasions, in navy blue jersey crepe, the high-draped neck caught at each side by fuchsia and gold clips, and the sash, which gives the new tunic line, ending in sweeping panels of blue and fuchsia coloured chiffon, lightly gauged. This model comes from Swan and Edgar

Cowled for Comfort. This is a year for hoods, gay and warm and comfortable. This one is detachable—though nobody could ever want to take it off. The dress is made in red, blue or green plaid jersey, and the jacket is black. They come from Harrods

WHAT OTHER PEOPLE ARE DOING

Some Items of Personal and Social Interest

HOLLYWOOD'S LATEST: This is Sigrid Gurie, one of the most promising of the younger film actresses, who has followed up her success as the romantic heroine in *The Adventures of Marco Polo* with a spirited performance as the fiery, jealous sweetheart in *Algiers*. It is now at the Odeon, Leicester Square

INTERPRETING A SINISTER ROLE: Heleni Papadaki, who played the part of Clytemnestra, faithless wife of Agamemnon, in a recent production of the Sophocles tragedy, *Electra*, given in the old Greek theatre at Epidauros by members of the Royal Theatre, Athens. An audience of 5,000 watched the performance, the British Minister in Athens and many other members of the diplomatic corps being present. Epidauros lies 80 miles from Athens on the west side of the Gulf of Aegina

HERE FOR THAT FINAL POLISH: Miss Betty Jane Atkinson, sixteen-year-old Pittsburgh violinist, seen as she was about to leave the *Aquitania* on arrival at Southampton last week. She is declared to be the youngest player in any symphony orchestra in America, and has come to London in order to take an advanced course of study

THIS OTHER EDEN! Simon Eden, son of Britain's ex-Foreign Secretary, with his mother as he was about to leave London for Eton where he is starting his first term

HIGHLAND WEDDING IN LONDON: Mr. John Williams Elliot Mackenzie, of The Seaforths, with his bride, Miss Valerie Margaret Dawes, after their marriage at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. *On left*—This is Begum Hijab Imthiaz, of the Punjab, who has just obtained a pilot's "A" licence, being the first Muslim woman in the Empire to do so

ROBERT LORAINE: ACTOR AND AIRMAN

His Wife Reveals the Character of this Versatile Actor who was Ever in the Midst of Adventure: A Brilliant Individualist, but no Leader

SOME men are born to be biographised; others achieve a biographer, and there are those who have biographies thrust upon them. A curious world will always want to know about those whom it has called great, and still more about those who have insisted upon their own greatness. The trend of contemporary literature being what it is, there is a still wider field for biographies of those whose careers and characters are interesting enough to be brought to life by a biographer skilled in the high-lights of what is called a human story.

Robert Loraine, the actor, was well known to a generation of playgoers. Robert Loraine, the airman, left his mark upon the pioneer days of aviation, and is still a name to arrest attention wherever two or more survivors of the old Royal Flying Corps are gathered together. Robert Loraine was also a soldier—a volunteer trooper in the Imperial Montgomeryshire Yeomanry in the South African War.

ROBERT LORAINE (Collins. 10s. 6d. net) is his life story by his wife. His publishers refer to him as "a natural D'Artagnan." It is scarcely the *mot juste*. "He had played the part on the stage, and he lived it all his life." But the part he had played on the stage was an interpretation of a character which sought adventure for the love of it, fought because he could not help fighting, but at the same time treated life with a gay insouciance. Loraine fought hard all his life. Indeed, he was the most quarrelsome of men; and by sheer ability and force of character he also fought his way to remarkable achievements in whatever he was engaged upon.

He also loved adventure; but nothing in this biography leads one to suppose that he loved it for its own sake. The path of his adventures was set always towards a certain goal. When thwarted he became irascible; and where other men might have temporised, or sought a compromise, he fought.

Great critics have lauded his achievements as an actor. It was his fortune early in life to become a friend and associate of George Bernard Shaw. To him was largely due the great success of *Man and Superman*. He was set upon a serious career in the theatre; and he would not compromise or yield one iota to its commercial side. To the end he kept his integrity. It brought him success—he made £40,000 out of *Man and Superman*: it also brought him failure. With his *Cyrano*, with Strindberg, he made for himself a great name; but his unhappy experiences with the commercial theatre brought him trouble, which was aggravated by his own stubborn ideas of integrity, and by his two-fisted methods of dealing with that trouble when it arose.

In the air service his name is still a legend. As one of the pioneer airmen—he was the first man to fly solo across the Irish Sea—he was naturally fitted to command in this field. There he was responsible for deeds of heroism which earned him the D.S.O. twice over. He knew no fear: and would never order a man under his command to do a thing he had not done or could not do himself. He was a strict disciplinarian; and imagined himself to be a brilliant organiser. In this he was not a success. He had not enough imagination to realise that all men had not his own single-minded bravado. A brilliant individualist, he was no leader. For all his war-time triumphs—and they were considerable—and in spite of the honours he won, his service career must have been a great disappointment to him. Few men would have survived serious wounds in the way he did.

Back in the theatre after the war, he made an immediate success with *Cyrano*. The rest is a tempestuous story of ups and downs, of quarrels—he even fell out with Shaw—of success and failure and the inevitable running down of the machine. Loraine's own defects of character made him a lonely man; and not even his generosities—which could be spontaneous and real—could bring him much solace in human contacts. He is fortunate in his biographer, for it is a magnificent portrait.

William Whiteley was famous, in England at least, as the first man to make a success of the "department store" which claimed to be able to provide for all needs. He became a millionaire, was concerned in a sensational divorce case, and was murdered in 1907 by a young man claiming to be his illegitimate son.

THE UNIVERSAL PROVIDER (Harrap. 10s. 6d.) is the story of this amazing man, whose career was marked by such dramatic happenings and always carried on in the fiercest light of publicity, which was a force to be reckoned with, even eighty years ago.

Whiteley's first shop in Bayswater was only a shadow of the vast store he was to build in ensuing years. He was the first man in the trade of shopkeeper with the ambition to supply every branch of goods from one headquarters, as it were. He boasted that the world was his parish, and that his shop would never be found wanting. He supplied anything from an elephant to a second-hand coffin; he could be relied upon for a last-minute guest to make up numbers at a dinner party and he would, as a favour, keep accounts for those ladies of birth and breeding whose arithmetic was faulty.

With all his success, however, Whiteley had strong opposition to face. His employees protested against the work, the wages, and the hours. He was burned in effigy outside his own shop windows. Peeresses of the realm united in a struggle to get better working conditions for his people, and no less than five times incendiaries, who were never identified, sent up his store in flames.

For years the local authorities were baiting him over a matter which would appear ridiculous to us to-day. His premises were near the Paddington Baths, and it was alleged that his employees could see into the building, with a consequent effect on Bayswater morals little short of the scandalous.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

Reviewed

By VERNON FANE

Mr. Richard S. Lambert has made of his unusually rich material a lively, fast-moving book. The illustrations are chosen with point, and often with humour, as on page 184, and the result is a superficial but entertaining biography which I for one found well worth reading.

I have always thought that the most effective setting for a murder story was a scene of sunny contentment, of placid village life, or a summer's day in an agreeable country house, by which an author of imagination can so contrast the mysterious horror of which he writes with the peace that surrounds it as to make it ten times as sinister and ten times as shocking. I am only referring now to those writers, a goodly band, who deal politely with the more startling forms of death by violence.

It might come as a surprise to some of those readers who are only partly familiar with the work of Mr. A. A. Milne, and that part his milder poetry, to know that in the opening chapter of a book called, I think, *The Red House Mystery*, he conveyed such an atmosphere of terror in his description of a summer's afternoon in the garden of a red brick house, that far surpassed any laborious contraption of bat-hung dungeons and green lights.

With her first novel Miss Dorothy Bowers follows the same plan, and the little town of Minsterbridge has its sleepy calm shattered by the news of the murder of one of its most respectable, if not most cherished, inhabitants.

POSTSCRIPT TO POISON (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.) is a murder mystery and even, since in these days readers demand the greatest possible value for their money, a double murder mystery. Mrs. Lackland, a rich old woman with two pretty wards whom she delights to torture by references to the fortune at her disposal and the fact that she can leave them penniless if they should fail to behave with the sycophancy that she demands of them, is found dying one night of morphia poisoning. The doctor is called in, the police follow in a few hours, and the fun starts. Because, ghoulish as it might seem, if these stories of undetected crime aren't fun, what are they?

The two wards who are cousins, and as intelligent as they are attractive, form the mainspring of the action. The murder seems to concern them vitally, and yet . . . . It takes Inspector Dan Pardoe from New Scotland Yard to provide the unexpected solution and, imperturbably, to bring the murderer to justice.

Miss Bowers has a bright, readable style, and my only criticism would be that she is a little too generous with her clues.

In the Southern States of America there apparently lives a primitive people as yet untouched by what are known as the blessings of civilisation. They are white, they own motor cars, they have radio sets, and some of them can apparently read newspapers. If we are to believe Mr. Erskine Caldwell and other writers of his school, they live upon a level infinitely lower than that of the more simple blacks, whom apparently they dominate.

These people are a fruitful field for powerful pens. Nothing like squalor and unrelieved bestiality if realism should be the aim. And Mr. Caldwell is a super-realist. His spades are not only spades, but are adorned by every ingenious and forceful adjective in a language very rich in such terms. Mr. Caldwell can also write, in the sense that he compels his characters and action into a picture which impresses itself on the mind of the reader, however revolted it may be by such scenes.

Sinclair Lewis once wrote a trenchant *exposé* of an American preacher in *Elmer Gantry*, but Gantry was a paragon of all the virtues—and a civilised one at that—compared with Simon Dye of Mr. Caldwell's new novel, **JOURNEYMAN** (Secker and Warburg. 7s. 6d. net).

Simon Dye is a plain scoundrel, a journeyman preacher who drives into a little southern village and plays havoc with their morals, their money, their liquor and their women. Seduction scenes abound. Indeed, the book is one long progression of seduction, interspersed with brutal carouses and plain robbery, winding up with a revivalist meeting in which Simon Dye gets the whole village writhing, jumping and frothing at the mouth.

The whole book is most unpleasant, but it bears the mark of genius which only the author of *Tobacco Road* could give it.

ROBERT LORAINE IN 1919: *Left*—A portrait of the noted actor by Charles Buchel, and (*right*) as he appeared in the stage part of Cyrano de Bergerac—a role that brought him wide recognition after the great war. Loraine's biography by his wife has just been published by Messrs. Collins and is reviewed on this page

"ROBERT MAKES THE FIRST FLIGHT TO IRELAND —SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1910": One of the interesting photographic records in Winifred Loraine's biography of her versatile, actor husband, whose unquenchable spirit of adventure led him to take an active part in aeronautical pioneering

Combining business with pleasure is looked upon as one of the desirable feats, and Miss Theodora Benson is fortunate in being able to transmit to us the pleasure she derived from a somewhat light-heartedly undertaken trip through the Dutch East Indies. **IN THE EAST MY PLEASURE LIES** (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.) has a great deal of charm and a certain acute perception which distinguishes it from what I would call the ordinary "made" travel book.

Miss Benson went east by Rotterdam Lloyd boat, and flew back some 9,000 miles, and in the course of her travels she visited Sumatra, Java, Bali and Celebes. She says herself that the tour was a perfectly elastic one; and she was fortunate enough to be able to go on expeditions with a very famous scientist, and to travel by native methods in places where she was the only white person. She also achieved a hiking tour in the Celebes among people who up to a few years ago were headhunters.

Most of her experiences are of interest in themselves, but they take on an added colouring from her lively and appreciative pen. The book, as I said, is full of charm, not the least part of which lies in the many pictures.

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IN HISTORIED EGYPT: The massive pillared entrance to the great Temple of Kom Ombo—one of the many and varied wonders of the Nile valley. Egypt is included in a number of the forthcoming long-distance cruises going east through the Suez Canal

SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU: SPECIAL CRUISING SECTION

SAILING AWAY FROM BRITAIN'S WINTER

Some Forthcoming World and Long-Distance Cruises

MY cruising programmes include announcements for as far ahead as the new year of 1940. That is a long way off and we need not for our present purpose go far into next year. During the next ten or eleven weeks a number of very attractive cruises will be run from ports in England for periods varying from a few days to three weeks and a day or two. Christmas sees the beginning of the season of great cruises, when several of the most famous ships engaged in this aspect of travel will say good-bye to those damp and dreary days which are presumed to be our unbroken fate throughout the winter, though I often feel it is a gross libel. Nevertheless, the sunshine which people with leisure and resources get on one of these cruises is certainly preferable.

World cruising has been going on for some seventeen years and some eminently successful schemes have been carried out. The routes are now to a considerable extent standardised—there are certain ports which must be visited—but naturally the organisers try to produce new features each season. They always find them, for there are many untapped resources, particularly in the Middle East and the South Sea Islands.

The longest of the coming world cruises will be that of the *Franconia* (Cunard White Star). She will leave Southampton on Christmas Eve and finish her journey at Liverpool on June 12. In the meantime she will have travelled nearly 45,000 miles in both hemispheres and most of the seven seas. The Americas, Africa, South Sea Islands, Ceylon, India, Malaya, East Indies—what a panorama they will build up in the memory. One or two of the unusual things have arrested my attention. For instance, there is Kupang on the island of Timor where Bligh of the *Bounty* landed. The imagination will have play there. Then there will be the awesome spectacle of the volcano of Tanna Island in the South Seas gurgling forth its fiery burden. It has been going on for years so that the show is almost guaranteed, and the right time has been chosen for the liner to be there—"the very witching hour of night." The itinerary has been slightly amended and now provides for a longer stay at Noumea in New Caledonia, Suva in Fiji, and Nukualofa in the Friendly Islands, while a full day at Hilo will extend the Hawaiian programme.

In all, the *Franconia* will visit between thirty and forty ports. The rates for the cruise range from 410 guineas to 2,524 guineas for a suite for one person on A deck. The prices include a big programme of shore excursions, a feature of the liner's world cruises which has been so efficiently handled for many years by Cook's. In addition, the travel agency has arranged for optional land tours in connection with the cruise. For instance, the journey from San Francisco to New York may be made on an attractive itinerary through the States; similarly, it is possible to leave the ship for a time in South Africa and go through the country to the Victoria Falls and the Kruger National Park; in India to penetrate to Peshawar and then travel south to rejoin the liner at Colombo; from Penang, to go through Siam and French Indo-China, rejoining her at Tourane, and to penetrate deep into Java and as yet unspoilt Bali.

AN ISLE OF ALL-THE-YEAR-ROUND SUNSHINE: A glorious Bermuda seascape

The other outstanding world cruise is by the famous flagship of the C.P.R., the *Empress of Britain*. She sails from Monaco on January 21, and her route is through the Mediterranean to India and Ceylon; then to Malaya, Siam, Hong Kong, and the East Indies. She next crosses the Indian Ocean to South Africa, and from there to South America, with a call at St. Helena on the way. Turning northward she will visit Trinidad and Cuba, and is due at New York on May 14. Nine days later the cruise terminates at Southampton, having occupied 123 days, and the sea mileage is over 30,000. The C.P.R. have arranged a good programme of shore excursions, which are included in the rates, and, in addition, a number of optional excursions.

The *Empress of Australia* is taking the place of the *Duchess of Richmond* on the C.P.R. cruises announced for January 21, March 3 and April 6. On the first of these she will go to the West Indies, Central America, Florida and the Bahamas. The cruise will occupy 38 days and somewhere not far from Las Palmas on the homeward run she will pass the *Duchess of Atholl*, outward bound on a similar cruise with a rather shorter itinerary. In March the *Empress of Australia* will run a very attractive cruise through the Mediterranean.

The winter cruise of the *Viceroy of India* (P. and O.) embraces both sides of the Atlantic. In South America she will call at Bahia and Rio de Janeiro and then across 1,800 miles of the Southern Atlantic to remote Tristan Da Cunha where she will provide a few fleeting hours of excitement for the little settlement. The tourists will have just over two days in Cape Town and I imagine everyone of them will make a point of getting to the top of Table Mountain. On the homeward run there will be a call for a few hours at St. Helena. The cruise also touches at West African ports. Leaving on January 20, the liner will be away 46 days and will travel some 15,000 sea miles.

The West Indies, the Spanish Main, Central America and Florida figure in many of the itineraries in the early part of the year. You can understand it; the weather is generally superb and there is a romantic atmosphere about the places.

The *Strathmore* (P. and O.) is going there on January 14 on an 11,000-mile cruise occupying 32 days, the *Arandora Star* on January 21 and the *Atlantis* on January 25. Other cruises add Brazil to the itinerary. The *Laconia* (Cunard White Star), leaving Liverpool on January 26 and Southampton on January 28, crosses the Atlantic from Dakar to Rio de Janeiro and also spends the best part of a day in Bahia before going to the Caribbean. She is due back on March 23 after travelling 16,500 miles. On her cruise starting on February 4, the *Voltaire* (Lamport and Holt) will also include Brazil.

The novelty of Christmas and New Year in the sunshine will appeal to many. The *Atlantis* will leave Southampton on December 22. After touching at Dakar in Senegal she will make for the Equator and spend some hours cruising there before returning to the West African coast, where she will call at Freetown in Sierra Leone and Bathurst in Gambia. She will be away for 23 days and will travel 6,700 miles.

A similar cruise will be made by the *Arandora Star* from Southampton on December 21, and the *Voltaire* (Lamport and Holt) leaving a day earlier will visit Lisbon and the Atlantic Isles. The latter will be at Madeira for the New Year festivities. Her cruise of 4,000 miles will occupy 16 days.

Between now and Christmas there will be several cruises, summarised in the following paragraphs, the prices being the minimum rates.

Lancastria (Cunard White Star) from Liverpool, October 8, Lisbon, Malta, Athens, Alexandria, Gibraltar, 6,400 miles. 22 days: 28 guineas.

Montcalm (C.P.R.) from Tilbury on October 8 to Tangier, Palermo and Naples. 14 days: £14.

Atlantis. Southampton, October 21, Casablanca, Safi, Las Palmas, Teneriffe, Santa Cruz de la Palma, Madeira, 3,500 miles. 15 days: 26 guineas.

Arandora Star. Southampton, October 22, Portugal, Madeira, Senegal, Canary Islands and Morocco, 6,000 miles. 21 days: 36 guineas.

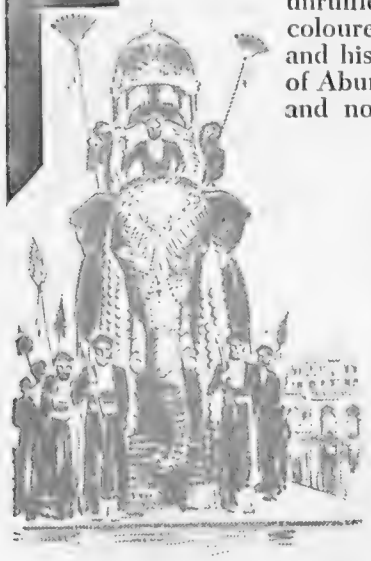
The Orient Line will again use the *Orcades* and *Orion* carrying one class on a series of cruises between April and September next season, and the *Orford* with two classes will also have a programme of cruises.

Beverley Brooke

THE SOUTH SEAS: Fijian fishermen about to set out on an expedition. The *Franconia's* world cruise, which starts at Southampton on Christmas Eve, will take in Fiji, the liner calling at Suva

Blazing with barbaric pearl and gold, the Goddess Gauri is carried to bathe at the water's edge . . . . . a festival celebrated to this day in lovely Udaipur

The stage is set . . . blue skies and a lake of deeper blue broken only by the cool green of foliage and the dazzling white of Udaipur's marble palaces, rising sheer from the water. All around are the townspeople and beyond them the mountains, their craggy peaks reflected in the unruffled waters of the lake. By the coloured boats, the Maharana of Udaipur and his nobles await Gauri, the Goddess of Abundance and ripening harvests . . . . and now guns from the summit of the castle announce her coming. First, young girls chanting hymns; then the Goddess on her throne, arrayed in gorgeous yellow robes, ablaze with jewels, and with a gay-clad retinue. Neither scene nor ritual have changed for many a hundred years; yet here is no outworn relic of tradition . . . festivals such as this and the Juggernaut at Puri or Dasara at Mysore are part of India's very life. To you, they will be sudden glimpses of a world long lost, scenes whose colour and intensity are unforgettable.



A visit to India offers far more than pageantry; it shows you wonderful monuments to dead civilisations, good sport and hunting, a sight of the rugged Khyber, of lovely Kashmir and the incomparable Himalayas.

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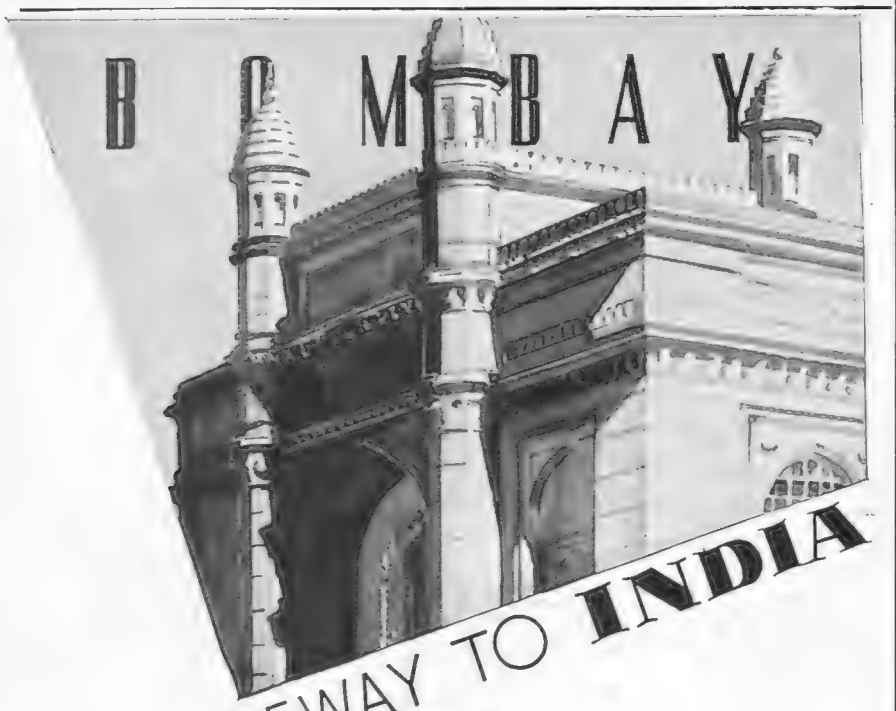

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AT this time of year the thoughts of some of us turn to lands afar, where Christmas may be celebrated under cloudless skies, and the traditional pudding is eaten largely because it is a tradition. For those journeys it is wise to plan well in advance. The Riviera and resorts in the western Mediterranean, all excellent in their way, do not involve quite so much planning; I am thinking more of the tropics and the southern hemisphere, the sunny seas of a thousand romantic islands, and the lands of inexhaustible travel possibilities.

In all those cases ocean travel is necessary, and the regular shipping services come into their own. Inevitably

SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU: SPECIAL CRUISING SECTION

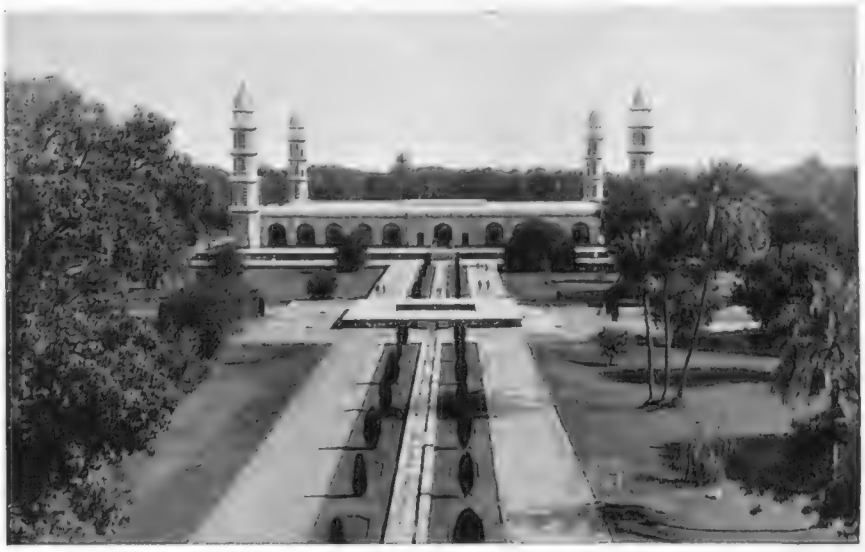
the eye travels along the map through the Mediterranean to Egypt. I can understand the feeling which prompts you to say you need not go farther. Egypt always has been a great country for the traveller, and always will be. The cities, the Nile with its history, and now the coastline of the western desert all conspire to draw you; but let us get along.

The next place will probably be Ceylon, where you may well make a halt and have a good look round. It is surely one of the most desirable places in the whole wide world. The island is about the size of Scotland and the comparison is particularly apt, since we associate glorious scenery with both. Moreover, the crisp, invigorating Scottish atmosphere has its counterpart in certain parts of Ceylon, although the most northerly point of the colony is less than 10 deg. from the equator. The best period for a visit is between December and April, but at any time you can find the climate perfect somewhere in the island. There is so much to see and do in Ceylon that it is impossible to suggest any time limit for a visit but it is possible in about a fortnight to make a tour of the principal sights.

East and west seem to meet at the fine port of Colombo, the capital of the island. A few miles to the south is a very delightful resort, Mount Lavinia, and within easy distance on the other side is Negombo, between the sea and a large lagoon. In the middle of the country, some seventy-five miles by rail from Colombo, is Kandy, where the old native kings lived. It is one of the most picturesque places you could imagine, on the banks of a mountain lake and surrounded by hills clothed with flowering trees and shrubs, but apart from its natural beauty Kandy claims your attention with the Temple of the Tooth, a moated building, parts of which are 700 years old. Enshrined there is a tooth of Gautama Buddha, one of the most sacred relics of the people of the faith.

Long before the Christian era great cities flourished in Ceylon. Some of these must figure in your itinerary, certainly Anuradhapura, which as capital for nearly fourteen centuries achieved an almost incredible splendour. The hill stations of the southern part of the island, the mountains, and the people are other interesting aspects of Ceylon.

India and Burma should also be considered at this time of year and here I may refer to a rather important happening in the communications with these parts. One of the well-known steamers, *City of Simla* (Ellerman's City and Hall Lines), is now on her way to India after extensive structural alterations and improvements. The principal social rooms have been enlarged and new state-rooms made to replace those removed in consequence of the enlargements. In carrying out these alterations no sacrifice has been made in the promenade deck space with which the



THE TOMB OF THE EMPEROR JAHANGIR: One of the show places in the Lahore district. The mausoleum consists of a fine terrace platform with four minarets at the corners

Long-distance Cruising Holidays For Which it is Well to Plan in Advance—Some Suggestions Regarding Where to Go

FORT ST. JAMES, BATHURST: An old gun still in position. It once guarded the entrance to this West African port, which is often visited by cruising liners during the winter months. Elder Dempster boats call there all the year round, the service being maintained by the luxurious motor vessels *Accra, Abosso, Adda,* and *Apapa*

ship is generously provided. The *City of Simla* is now worthy of the high standard set by the latest passenger vessel of the Lines, the *City of Benares*. You may remember that the management of the Ellerman Lines were very successful in the renovation of the *City of Paris* and the *City of Nagpur* which are engaged in their South African services.

Communications with Egypt, Ceylon and India are maintained by a number of lines including the P. and O, Orient, Bibby and Ellerman's. From Ceylon some of the liners turn south to Australasia.

A special feature is being made this season of a tour of Australia in connection with the sailing of the *Orford* (Orient Line) from Tilbury on November 5. The three months' travel includes a 19 days' land tour of Australia. At Melbourne you leave the ship and spend nearly a week visiting the surfing beaches and bush country. Then 6 days are passed in a motor over the Australian Alps and Blue Mountain, the liner being rejoined at Sydney. She is due back in London on February 9.

South Africa is another direction to which you may turn your attention. The Union-Castle Line are again arranging two special tours at reduced rates by vessels engaged in the weekly mail service. The first of these is by the *Arundel Castle*, leaving Southampton on November 25, and the other by the *Windsor Castle*, leaving on December 7. The voyage round Africa by Union-Castle liners will appeal to many. The *Dunvegan Castle* leaves London on November 4, and the *Llanstephan Castle* on November 24. The former goes down the west coast and back through the Suez, and the other reverses the route. They give opportunities of seeing something of many places in South Africa and the Mediterranean. These round trips are becoming increasingly popular.

The Ellerman Bucknall Line steamers between London and South Africa go up the east coast to Lourenço Marques and Beira, the round voyage occupying 72 days. The Beira route, by the way, is favoured by some visitors to South Africa who like to work their way down to Capetown, making visits to the Victoria Falls, which lie on the boundaries of Northern and Southern Rhodesia, the Kruger National Park, and other renowned places.

Talking of South Africa, Madeira inevitably comes into one's mind. It is served by several of the lines and the Union Castle are making a feature of the Christmas tours, outward by the *Edinburgh Castle* on December 16 and the *Athlone Castle* on December 22.

South America is another suggestion for a winter tour and not a few will be drawn by the romance of the West Indies and Spanish Main where the waters will be well ploughed by the cruising liners, as you will see from the section dealing with that particular aspect of travel. Among the regular services, however, you have a particularly alluring prospect in the French Line's sailings. The round voyage occupies six weeks, the vessels visit nine countries and travel some 15,000 miles. The *Columbia* sails from Southampton on November 25 and the *Cuba* on December 28. There are subsequent monthly sailings by these liners.

The range of possibilities for finding what is popularly called "winter sunshine" is far from exhausted, but I must find room to remind you of the Bahamas, "the Isles of June." There you come under the warming influence of the Gulf Stream and if it is rest you want you could not do better. There is direct communication to Nassau, the capital, from Southampton, the voyage occupying from eleven to thirteen days each way, or you can go to New York, down to Florida, and then across by plane in two hours. The air journey over such terrain is a wonderful experience.

F. B.

NOW ON HER WAY TO INDIA after extensive structural alterations and improvements. The S.S. *City of Simla* (Ellerman's City Line), which has been completely modernised at great expense. The principal public rooms have all been enlarged

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SISTER LÉONIDE: A SAINT OF THE PRISONS

(*Continued from page 10*)

put it mildly. Why is Kurès not pardoned? A pardon in France is the rarest of things: it would reflect too much on the almighty courts of justice. There isn't even the good conduct remission system, so beneficial with us. French convicts *may* see their life sentences cut to twenty years, or lesser sentences reduced, but it is entirely up to the prison governor. If he doesn't act, and he doesn't so often, there exists no other power initially operating to reduce sentences.

I have no space to go the detailed rounds of the other women's prisons, showing how conditions differ from Hagenau. Montpellier, for Protestant women, is apparently the best if only because it gets the Midi sun and sky, hears street noises, and has a human "Madame Chef." Here I should say that the Order of Marie-Joseph is now reduced to partially running Fresnes, where there is a uniformed Madame Chef or head wardress in charge, and to wholly running Roquette, which collects all the Paris women criminals. Another point needing clarification is—how did Sister Léonide have under her care celebrated women criminals from all over France? The answer is that where Paris did not actually produce most of these, the Sûreté exercised its right of hauling them to the capital.

"Good" money is earnable at Montpellier, thanks to contracts with the War Ministry for pants and shirts. Until recently, the prison's star convict was the Ducret spy woman whose story I told in THE SPHERE.

At Rennes there are now no nuns, yet its prime exhibit, Madame Bessarabo, passed through the hands of Sister Léonide, in Paris, where the old nun failed to overcome her charge's haughtiness. The Bessarabo, an authoress of some merit, shot her husband, put him in a trunk, and sent this to Nancy. A daughter was acquitted as alleged accomplice; the mother got the death sentence, reprieved to a "lifer," reduced again to twenty years, which will mean freedom in August, 1940, if the bedridden septuagenarian of Rennes is still alive.

She will have had a hard passage at Rennes, whose inmates are flung together at work and by night without distinction of age, crime, or anything else; where hunger is the rule on account of the smallness of earnings—40 centimes for making a rough pair of shoes; where baths are but once monthly, and where *sonnettes*, or spies among the women themselves, are the vogue. The dormitories are kept under surveillance by prefects, taken from among the women, who can peer unseen through a *judas*, and the severity of these prefects is notorious.

Of all the notorious women Sister Léonide cared for, her favourite was Mata Hari. The old nun went on record again and again to this effect. "She never had an equal among us for resignation and courage. I drove with her across Paris, in the dark, on the morning of her execution. She helped me into and out of the car—I was twenty-six years her senior, an old woman already! She never uttered a syllable of complaint or fear and walked erect on to the shooting ground."

Sister Léonide two years later made the same tragic journey with "the ogress" Aubert who had given away French soldiers in hiding in the occupied departments and had worked wholly for the enemy out of submission to a brutal German N.C.O. billeted in her village. The Aubert turned to Léonide as Vincennes came in sight and half cried out: "It isn't the justice of men I fear but the justice of God! That must be terrible!" Léonide's comment was: "She was on the right path."

Other celebrities comforted by Léonide are forgotten by this generation, save by those who read "famous crime" books. Gabrielle Bompard had a London "end" and she goes back the farthest, to the early '80's. Gabrielle and her lover, Michel Eyrau, killed the woman's old protector, put him in a trunk, and left for London to sell the dead man's jewellery and other valuables. Scotland Yard traced her.

Thérèse Humbert spoofed millionaire and otherwise sane figures into advancing her vast sums of money on the strength of millions of francs which she said reposed in a safe in a Paris bank. When opened, the safe was empty.

Marthe Hanau was an amazing, brainy creature who made fortunes and lost them by playing the international stock market, publishing financial newspapers, and generally soaring for a time in Bottomley style. She died relatively young in 1933, and Léonide could make no headway with her, either. Marthe, you see, was permitted to continue her publishing and financial activities from St. Lazare, so hardly needed comforting.

Nor was Sister Léonide able to come close to Germaine Berton, "dry and wilful, for ever scribbling her life story or her defence or both." An anarchist, Germaine shot dead the Royalist, Léon Daudet's lieutenant, Marius Plateau. She was acquitted in a famous trial, after which I got on to those memoirs with her. She was another who dressed masculinely, but at twenty-six she was good-looking, slim, blue-eyed, and black-haired. Germaine took me to many Paris dives, and when she held me up for a further 2,000 francs at the last lap, I got the office to give them to her. She became an anarchist, she said, watching young *poilus* going off to the war, in her native Tours. No one seems to have heard of her for years, since she staged a suspicious suicide attempt in fashionable Phillipe du Roule.

AEROPLANE FAILURES (*Continued from page 25*)

One cannot, for instance, quite follow why the pilot of the plane which crashed at Edmonton with such disastrous results approached the ground *across* the line of houses instead of parallel to them. A fraction of the damage would have been done, and possibly he would have been comparatively unhurt, if he had approached down the lane of back gardens formed between the two rows of houses and deliberately put the machine down there. The machine would have been badly damaged, but such damage would have been confined to itself and a few wooden fences and garden sheds. His engine apparently failed, which necessitated his coming down, but an engine failure does not mean that the pilot has no control of his aircraft as is sometimes thought. He can keep up flying speed by gliding and his choice of landing place is only limited by the height he is above the ground at the time of failure. The higher he is, the greater is his gliding radius and therefore the wider his choice of landing place.

Airmen are not often faced with engine or structural failure nowadays, but even when they are a beneficent providence frequently seems to watch over them. Not so long ago a private flyer and his wife were flying their own little touring cabin monoplane over Austria that was, on their way to Vienna. Suddenly there was a terrific noise and vibration, and they were left with literally nothing between them and space but the travelling rug which was spread over their knees. A propeller blade had broken, and the sudden, tremendous vibration had torn the engine from its sockets. They came down fluttering from side to side like a leaf and alighted on some trees with only minor injuries to themselves.

Fire in the air is the most horrible type of accident; but even this is not necessarily fatal. Two months ago I was flying a fast plane with two passengers when suddenly the engine stopped and burst into flames. We were able to land on the side of a hill and put out the fire on the ground.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Among the recent admissions to the Society's care were two sisters aged six and seven and their brother of nine, who together with their mother and five other brothers and sisters, the eldest of whom was twelve, had travelled from Australia, after the death of their father. The mother had no means to keep this large family, and had to obtain relief. Funds are most urgently needed to give poor children left fatherless such as these a chance in life. Please send a gift to 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, from which address all donations will be gratefully acknowledged.

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THE MUDDLE of the LIGHTS

The Lack of Organisation and Indiscriminate Use of Coloured Lights on the Roads

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

ONE of the interesting recommendations of the officials of the Ministry of Transport who investigated the recent serious fatal accident on the London Underground was that the back of a train should be marked and lighted in such a way that it could not be mistaken for anything else. As these trains for the most part travel under the ground, it looks as if this recommendation means that some other colour should replace the familiar red of the tail lamp. No doubt the reason for this suggestion is that the ordinary signal at danger also shows red.

For many years I have suggested that lights on the highway should be controlled and organised just as they are on the sea. As matters stand at the moment there is complete chaos, and were it not that the overwhelming majority of vehicle users on the road are clever enough to differentiate between one light and another irrespective of their colour, we should read of far more crashes than we do at the moment. The familiar red light is, of course, carried at the back of every motor car. Red lamps are hung up wherever the local council, electric, gas, or water company create an obstruction on the road. It means come to a standstill when it shows on a traffic light. Then, of course, we frequently get red neon tube advertisements which might quite well be mistaken for traffic signals.

It certainly does make driving far more difficult if one red light means stop and the next means pass on the right or left when it is hung on an obstruction which, in itself, cannot be seen in the dark. The orange light on a traffic signal does not give permission to the driver to pass it, but many orange lights on the top of island refuges may be safely passed and they are more frequently than not placed at the same height as those on the traffic signals. From what I have mentioned it looks as if a lot of very useful work could be done by the Ministry of Transport.

In a way it is a pity that an official inquiry by experts, not by magistrates, is not held into every fatal accident. I feel certain that much good would result from such inquiries, and as they are apparently necessary and desirable in the case of accidents on railways and in the case of aeroplanes, it seems wholly inconsistent that fatal accidents on the road should not be the subject of official expert inquiries.

SPEED AND ECONOMY: The new Vauxhall "25" luxury saloon which has a speed of 80 m.p.h. yet gives 20 m.p.g., which is exceptional in view of its roominess and size

We are now drawing rapidly to the close of the motor racing season. I will not attempt to review it until it has definitely concluded, but it does seem to me that there are far too many events of first-class importance. The chief trouble is that competitors find that there is a meeting or event in which they could compete taking place practically every Saturday. This, of course, would not matter if the entrant had not to declare his wish to enter until a day or two before the race took place. In the majority of cases an entry has to be sent in about a month ahead and so the result is that the owner of a car finds that he has paid out perhaps four entry fees for the four next meetings and then blows up his car so badly in the first that it is not repairable in time for the following three. If I were a dictator responsible for running all motor competitions I would not permit two first-class fixtures to take place unless there was at least a fortnight's interval between them. At Brooklands, when the new season's programme is being mapped out, I always try to keep at least a month between the important events. This, of course, is not always possible, but it is a target which I always try to hit.

I have noticed recently a great increase in the number of what I might call outside aerials for radio sets on cars. Sometimes they are on top of the roof and are made to conform with the shape of that part of the car. I do not think that even in this position they are a thing of beauty, but when the aerial takes the form of a long verticle rapier-like rod sticking up in the air on the side of the windscreen, then there is no doubt whatever that such an accessory is definitely ugly and untidy. It is only recently that this type of aerial has made its appearance, and for the life of me I cannot understand why car owners cannot be satisfied with the various types of concealed aerials which have been used almost exclusively until twelve months ago.

I have radio sets fitted to both my cars, and with this latter type of aerial they work perfectly. I should also think that the concealed aerial is actually easier to fit, and requires no more attention than the unsightly erections I have referred to. Recently there has been quite a lot of discussion on whether car radio tends to make driving safer or whether it has just the opposite effect. Speaking personally, I have had sets installed in my cars for some considerable time, and the more I drive and listen-in the more certain am I that it tends towards safer driving.

Perhaps I am not far wrong when I state that over 50 per cent. of road accidents to-day in which cars are involved are caused by impatience on the part of the driver who wants to get on faster than conditions safely permit. Now I find that if I am listening to something really interesting on the radio I am not nearly so anxious to take that unnecessary risk which might lead to serious consequences. I am also of the opinion that it is very good training for the driver to listen to a voice coming from a loud-speaker while he keeps his eyes direct on the road in front, because I notice that quite a number of people will turn their head towards a passenger who is carrying on a conversation. To me it is a most dangerous habit, and one of the best ways of teaching a driver to listen and talk to his passenger while looking ahead is for him to have speech radiating from the loud-speaker.

The R.A.C. inform me that in spite of the strained international situation which has existed during the summer, their foreign trade department has had the busiest season that it has ever experienced. This certainly is most surprising but probably shows that motorists in this country found that conditions abroad so far as roads are concerned are more congenial than at home.

(Continued on page 38)

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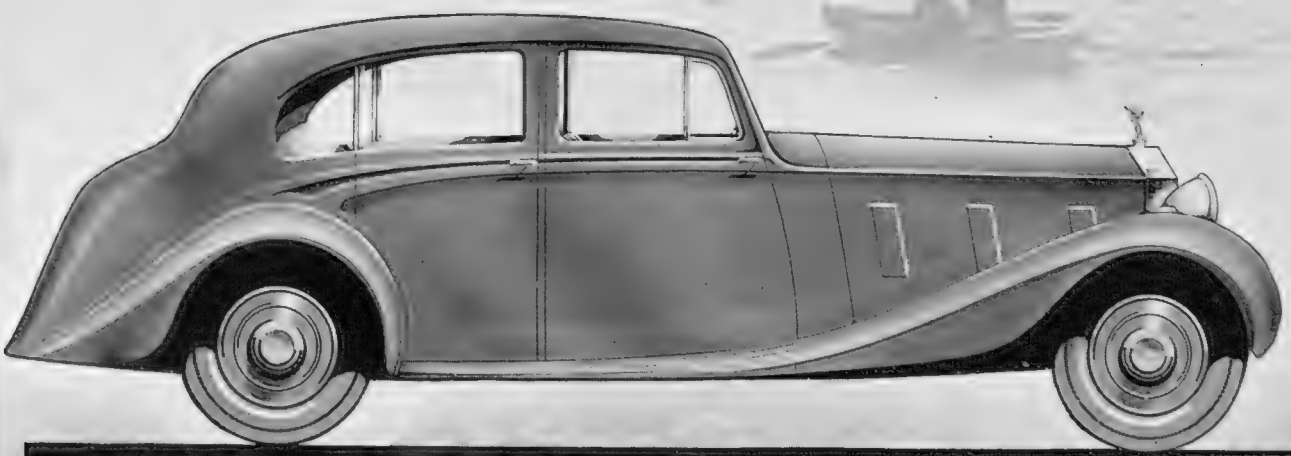

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THE PETROL WORLD: The 30 m.p.h. Limit and the Very Fine Car Just Issued by Vauxhall

(Continued from page 36)

Ireland, I hear, has been extremely popular and there has scarcely been a week during the past three or four months when there has not been a queue of cars waiting to get room on one or other of the cross-channel steamers. It seems a pity that the amount of money which this army of motorists must spend while touring cannot be kept in this country. It could be done, I think, if our whole road system were reconstructed.

It is indeed interesting to learn that one of the pedestrian bridges across the Kingston by-pass to which I have referred in these notes on more than one occasion has now been removed. Only the other day when I made my most recent visit to London my passenger with great glee shouted in my ear as we passed under one of these bridges that two pedestrians were using it. I immediately looked up and found that they were a couple of young schoolboys using it as a grandstand from which to note the registration numbers on the cars passing beneath them.

I have also seen it reported that the pedestrians agitating for a 30 m.p.h. limit on the Western Avenue have let the Ministry of Transport know in no uncertain voice that one or more of these bridges will not in any way diminish their activities for the imposition of a 30 m.p.h. limit, which they imagine would contribute towards safer crossings of the highway. For goodness' sake let us implore the Ministry, or whoever is responsible for these ridiculous bridges, to cease throwing away our money in erecting any more. They are perfectly useless.

It is refreshing to learn that the Minister of Transport has so far refused to be stampeded by agitation into issuing an order to have the 30 m.p.h. limit enforced on these by-passes. There are, of course, limits on certain stretches but these are supposed to be of only a temporary character. Anyway, the demand must not be acceded to but immediate steps should be taken to construct suitable subways so that pedestrians can safely cross any extremely busy arterial road. If limits were to be imposed on our new by-passes it would simply drive motorists back to the old roads which have been freed of through traffic by the opening of the by-passes. I have the greatest sympathy with all pedestrians trying to cross a busy road, but fortunately the problem has an easy solution as I have indicated, and the sooner the authorities realise this fact the greater safety there will be for all.

I was sorry to learn the other day that the Ford Motor Company have decided not to hold their annual exhibition at the Royal Albert Hall during the Motor Show period this year. In the statement that the company made it is mentioned that they attach considerable importance to the many opportunities of localised efforts and are arranging for displays by their dealers throughout the country. It looks, therefore, as if we shall have a Ford Motor Show brought to our home towns, which perhaps is a good idea and may be immensely popular.

I have now received details of further models in the 1939 Vauxhall programme. When introduced the Vauxhall Twenty-five was announced as a car that had been designed and built to meet world competition. It was an attempt to reply to the challenge from overseas, and the Vauxhall Company aimed to make the car not only competitive in performance, roominess, and comfort, but also very keenly competitive in price. The fact that the car met with instant and sustained success proves that the attempt made was successful and appreciated by the public.

The manufacturers do not officially enter cars for the various arduous reliability trials, but many private owners have competed in these competitions with their Vauxhall Twenty-fives, and have put up outstanding performances. The manufacturers are quite satisfied with the performance, and so for 1939 they have devoted their attention to improving the external appearance. By adding many refinements to the general finish and appointments they have turned the car into a luxury saloon. Originally, as I have mentioned, it was designed to be strictly and keenly competitive in price. No attempt was made to decorate it lavishly, but a number of owners have expressed the opinion that delighted as they were with the saloon they would gladly have paid more for a greater degree of luxury. Like wise manufacturers, the Vauxhall Company have listened to the advice of their customers, with the result that the Vauxhall Twenty-five luxury saloon is now an accomplished fact, and yet it costs only £345.

As before, the car is equipped with front springs that are infinitely variable, and the suspension has proved so successful that it has been adopted for all other Vauxhall models, but this year improvements have been introduced which make for yet more comfort and stability. At the back of the car more flexible leaf springs have been incorporated along with double-acting shock absorbers in place of the single-acting type that were previously fitted. Tyres of slightly larger section are another contribution to comfort. The steering tie rod is now behind the axle beam instead of in front of it, for this is found to contribute towards a greater tyre mileage.

It is upon opening the door and getting inside the car that the greatest changes are seen. There are so many improvements, however, that I cannot mention them all. Most noticeable, however, is the upholstery. This seems to be not only better, but the seats are obviously bigger and more armchair-like. The rear seat is entirely new, being deep, wide, and thoroughly inviting. Another improvement is the furnishing of parts of the interior in wood, instead of using metal.

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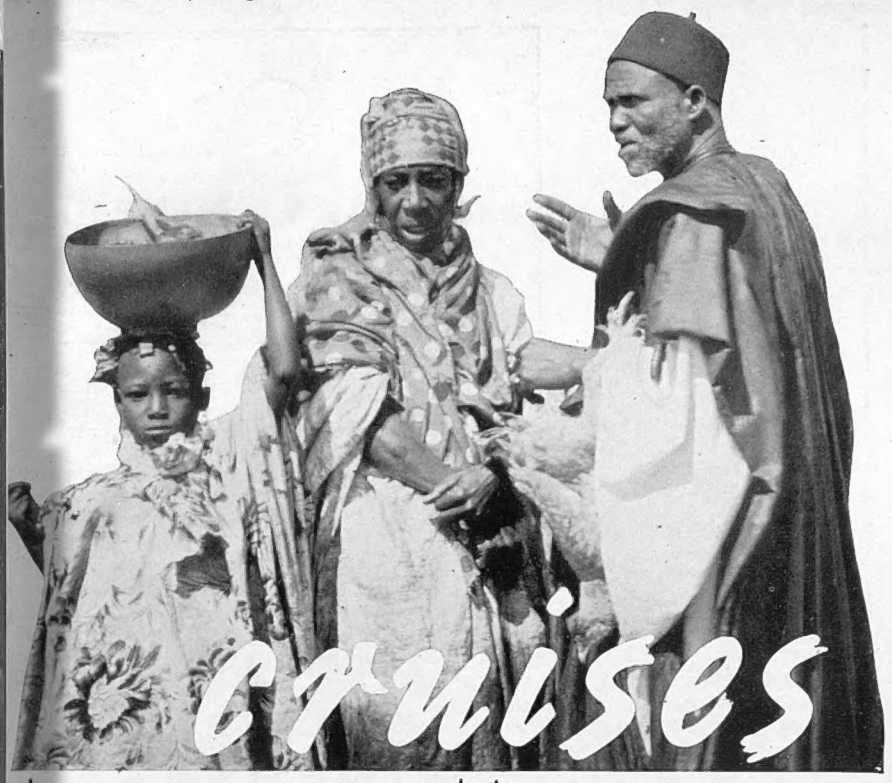

★ ★★

STRATHMORE & VICEROY of INDIA

to SPANISH MAIN · South AMERICA
WEST AFRICA · CAPE TOWN
TRISTAN DA CUNHA · ST. HELENA

★ **14 JANUARY · 32 DAYS · FROM 64 GNS**
★★ **20 JANUARY · 46 DAYS · FROM 92 GNS**

Apply 14 Cockspur Street, S.W.1, 130 Leadenhall Street, E.C.3, Australia House, W.C.2, or Agents.

P&O - FOR SUN IN WINTER

In the most unexpected places

The illustration below shows a retailer's cottage premises in the little village of Cockfield, Suffolk. Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes can be purchased here, as in many similar picturesque and remote spots all over the country.

Numerous letters from smokers tell of pleasure in finding their favourite "Player's" on sale here, there and everywhere . . . in the most unexpected places . . . The vast demand which makes this possible also ensures their unfailing freshness, and is proof supplied by smokers themselves that there is no better Cigarette at 10 for 6d.

Remember also, whatever your taste, you can please yourself by choosing "Medium" or "Mild" blends — Cork-tipped or Plain.

Player's Please
MEDIUM OR MILD

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES · "MEDIUM" OR "MILD" · PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED · 10 for 6d. 20 for 11½d.
N.C.C.431R

First class for travel

A journey that starts in a gale and ends in a breeze tries an overcoat to the limit. It must be 'warm' enough to withstand the sharp chill of an Atlantic gale and yet light enough to wear in autumn sunshine. It must have style with the strength for hard wear and bad weather. It must be first-class in every respect . . . in fact . . .

THE "STUDINGTON" GROSVENOR

This double-breasted ulster shown is a warm and luxurious overcoat, specially designed for the hard wear of constant travel. Made to measure or ready to wear.

STUDD & MILLINGTON

25 SAVILE ROW & 52 CONDUIT STREET, LTD.
LONDON, W.1

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telegrams: Lonhotel, Anvers.

FRANCE.

French Riviera.—Navirotel.—Le Trayas (Var) Near Cannes' golf. Take a cruise without leaving land. Ask for illustrated booklet with terms.

GERMANY.

Garmisch-Partenkirchen.—Park Hotel "Alpenhof."—Lead'g hotel in Bavarian Alps. Cen. sit. Every com. Prospec. thro' propr.: Hanns Kilian.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perfect hotel-building. Select home of international Society and Aristocracy.

Munich. — Grand Hotel Continental. — Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Munich.—The new Hotel Excelsior, near the Hauptbahnhof. First-class, modern, and quietly placed. Rooms from RM. 3.50 onwards.

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Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-cl. family hotel. 300 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 9.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World-rnd. Finest pos. opp. Park & Opera. Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. 12 Mks.

ITALY.

Rome.—Hotel Victoria.—First-class. Central and quiet, opposite Borghese Gardens. English-speaking staff.

SWITZERLAND.

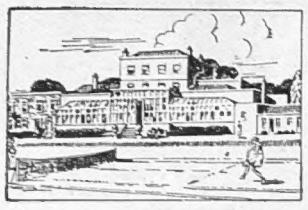
Bürgenstock (Lake of Lucerne).—Le Grand Hôtel.—Holiday resort. Golf, tennis, bathing beach.

Lausanne (Ouchy).—Hotel Balmoral.—Quietest sit. Very comfortable. Excellent catering. Weekly terms, incl. tips, £3 5s. No taxes.

Lausanne. — Victoria. — Ideal Residence for autumn and winter. Quiet but convenient. Inclusive from 12/-.

MAIDA VALE.
Really Comfortable Flatlets for Professional Women
Telephone : Abercorn 1497

Constant hot water. Quiet well furnished house. Open outlook. Good cooking. Convenient bus and tube services.



Avonmouth Hotel Amid four acres of well wooded private grounds, a sunny spacious hotel where modern comforts, good cooking and willing service all await you. All-the-year-round mildness and excellent facilities for sport. Bathing is safe and secluded in this pleasing old coastal retreat.

MUDEFORD *Near Christchurch, Hants.*

CANFORD CLIFFS HOTEL

Connoisseurs of Comfort

It is the little refinements of an art that appeal to the connoisseur. The art of the hotelier is no exception. Whether it is some little delicacy of attention, or the appeal of a dish, or perhaps the subtlety of a selected wine, each contributes its note towards the harmony of a guest's happiness. At the Canford Cliffs these matters are understood.

Private Beach. Golf (six courses). En Tout Cas Tennis. Lift. Garage and lock-ups. Gardens and perfect views. 80 bedrooms. Suites. Details from D. T. Whiston, Manager. Phone: Canford Cliffs 797/8. Telegrams: "Salubritas" Bournemouth.

BOURNEMOUTH

Ten Miles....Mansion to Mansion House

Winter in an "Adam" period country house, hidden in parkland, 20 minutes from town.

Central heating, running water and telephone in all rooms. Free hotel bus to station. Inclusive Winter Terms, from 4½ gns. Brochure from Management with pleasure.

SUNDRIDGE PARK HOTEL

BROMLEY *Ravensbourne 1172-3-4* KENT

Health and Beauty on the Crest of Crowborough Beacon . . . come now to

Crest Hotel, Crowborough

Tel.: 394 **Sussex**

Bed, Breakfast, Lunch, Tea, Dinner and Central Heating from 4 gns. weekly. Personal Proprietor Mr. G. Eglington Adams.

GOLF : ALL-WEATHER TENNIS : RIDING : WALKING

In the quiet of the Cathedral Close

Polished oak and panelled walls on the one hand, grill room, lifts and running water on the other. A fine example of an 18th-century English coaching house perfectly modernised. A place where eating and drinking is a real pleasure.

Royal Clarence Hotel

EXETER

—the gateway to Devon. Write for brochure or 'phone: 4071-2.

THE ROYAL GLEN HOTEL SIDMOUTH *'Phone 221*

The Hotel with a Country House atmosphere, situated in picturesque grounds adjoining the esplanade.

DIET A SPECIALITY.

Terms Moderate and Inclusive. Resident Proprietors: Mr. and Mrs. W. MARTIN.

Stay at the centre of centres for Tours—

SOUTHAMPTON POLYGON HOTEL

For Luxury without Extravagance

'Phone: Southampton 5061 'Grams: Polygon Hotel, Southampton

TWYFORD 106?

. . . is that Grove Hall? Hullo. I want my usual room. Taken? But I must have **a private bathroom** . . . eh? . . . all the rooms have. Good. I'm leaving Town now . . . 40 minutes. What? . . . oh, the Table d'Hôte: it's always good. Not at all . . . goodbye.

GROVE HALL, TWYFORD, Berks.

Perfect cuisine

and unostentatious luxury characterise Hans Crescent Hotel, one of the best that London can offer. Facing Harrods and adjacent to Hyde Park. Ideal for long or short visits. Receptions and Private Dance Parties (Sprung Dance Floor) specially catered for. Brochure on request.

HANS CRESCENT HOTEL

Knightsbridge, S.W.1 *Telephone: Sloane 3421. Telegrams: Hancrestel, London.*

In Quest o

A Christmas Inquiry Ju

Donington Park—Plac

ONLY limitations of space prevent me each week from reproducing in these columns some of the more interesting of the inquiries I receive, and my replies. But delving into them the other day I was struck by the repetition and seasonal nature of some of them, so it occurred to me that it might be helpful to frame my article this week on a few of the many points which have arisen.

Hotels with private bathrooms.—A thorny subject indeed, for the majority of our hotels were built before the vogue for private bathrooms was fashionable. Local Council regulations often prohibit inside bathrooms. Plumbing difficulties are often colossal. The wonder of it is that so many hotels can offer private bathrooms to the extent they do. Personally, I cannot conceive anyone erecting an hotel to-day without a private bathroom either to each room or to each two rooms inter-communicating.

Among hotels which can boast a private bathroom to every bedroom are the Cumberland, Marble Arch, London, the New Carlton, Edinburgh, and, surprising as it may seem, a residential hotel, Grove Hall, Twyford, in Berkshire, about 2 miles from the Thames at Sonning. The Hydro Hotel at Eastbourne are just completing a new wing of fifty bedrooms, each with private bathroom, while the hotels whose bedrooms have private baths outnumber those which have not.

I consider that the sanitary arrangements of our British hotels to-day are infinitely in advance of those of Continental hotels in general.

Donington Park.—From time to time motor races are held here and I find myself in a difficulty over recommending hotel accommodation in the neighbourhood. Last week I had yet another inquiry for a clean, quiet pub where simple English food could be obtained, and I was given a radius of 30 miles from which to supply the answer. The one place I could think of was the Old England Hotel at Sutton on Trent, 8¾ miles north of Newark and ½ mile off the Great North Road, which I calculate to be about 35 miles from Donington Park. Can any reader make any other suggestion?

Christmas.—My first Christmas inquiry this year was received just after Easter! If readers will write early enough it is comparatively easy to suggest places where a full Christmas programme is to be obtained from £1 to 25s. a day, but after November 1 it becomes increasingly difficult, as all the better known places are by then booked up.

For those who appreciate an old-fashioned Christmas, and there are

Pied-a-terre . . .

must be *comfortable*—luxurious beds and appointments in every bedroom.
must be *central*—the hotel overlooks Hyde Park and is immediately accessible to all parts of the West End and City.
must be *economical*—the terms are surprisingly moderate and offer incomparable value. All the essentials of a pied-a-terre are found at the Alexandra.

Alexandra Hotel

HYDE PARK CORNER - - LONDON, S.W.1

140 rooms with running water, central heating, and telephone.
Write or telephone SLOane 4521

A peaceful autumn residence . . .

IN a sunny sheltered park of 60 acres with a sporting golf course; lawns, woodland and water now at their loveliest. A variety of sports . . . or just resting. 85 bedrooms and suites with every comfort. Modern equipment, courteous service and generous hospitality. Write to S. Hancock, Director, for a copy of "Here is peace," a description of

THE SPA HOTEL

ROYAL TUNBRIDGE WELLS

400 feet above sea level. *Telephone: 1911*

A "SEE" HOLIDAY

We live in a land of beauty, famous dales, 'fish-full' rivers, and towering peaks, surrounded by thousands of acres protected by the National Trust. Here is the "See" Holiday Centre perfect. Free golf, tennis, dancing, croquet, bowls. Here are all the incidental pleasures of living, where the daily average of visitors all the year is well over 200. Holiday this year at

SMEDLEY'S at MATLOCK

Every modern treatment. Bath Staff of 60. Two Resident Physicians. The terms, which run from 13/- to 18/- a day, include Turkish, Russian and Hydropathic Baths. SMEDLEY'S HYDRO, MATLOCK, DERBYSHIRE. ***Telephone: Matlock 17.***

ALL UNDER ONE ROOF

Good Hotels

by ASHLEY COURTENAY

After Easter—Hotels near that Readers Recommend

plenty who do, I received in August an attractive card from the Granby Hotel, Harrogate. It reads as follows :—

"CHRISTMAS . . . ?

A cold thought for some, but a warm one for those who have spent an old-fashioned Christmas at the Granby. No set programme, with the exception of the staff dance. No dance band. Just a country-house atmosphere of seasonable cheer, plus the Granby reputation for comfort and calm.

Here at Christmas will be found those etceteras which gladdened our hearts when we were young, and can still again cheer us as we grow older.

Crackers, chestnuts, carols, charades, and . . . Christmas bells. There will be real old English Christmas fare, including such Granby specialities as boar's head, sucking pig, and turkeys stuffed with goodness."

If that does not provide the solution for those who seek the real spirit of Christmas, I give it up.

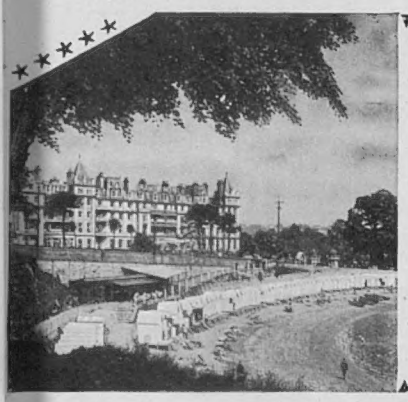
And now for a few bouquets, for if readers take the trouble to write and tell me such and such an hotel has entirely endorsed my recommendation I feel it must be extra good.

Langdown Lawn Hotel, Hythe, New Forest. "The rooms, beds, food and service are excellent, better than in the more expensive hotel I have lately left. The care taken for our comfort is quite unusual. I have never before found in an hotel fresh flowers every day in my room. The view of Southampton Water from the house is a great charm."

Cotswold House, Chipping Campden. "We spent a very happy holiday there at Easter and can thoroughly recommend it. Hot and cold water in all bedrooms, food good and well served. Wood fires downstairs and nice warm rooms. Our host and hostess were charming people."

Headland Hotel, Torquay. "The hotel is most comfortable in every way, food excellent and far too abundant, very clean, and an extremely good staff, attentive and kind, I call the position ideal, the best in Torquay, and I shall never hesitate to recommend it to anybody wanting to come to Torquay."

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*



Wonderful winter, in England too . . .

Snow on the Grampians : fog on the Thames : but here a wonderful winter. Also a sliding scale . . . the longer you stay the less you pay!

The GRAND, TORQUAY

On the edge of Torbay — the leading hotel in Torquay. 200 rooms and suites, many with private bath. A.A. (5 star) R.A.C. Write R.Paul Manager, for details.

OCTOBER . . . . and then

Days are drawing in. A perceptible nip in the air. Winter clothes come out. But at Lincombe Hall, Torquay . . . . nestling in its own lovely grounds . . . sheltered and protected . . . there is warmth without . . . and within. In this fair corner of sunny Devon we smile at winter . . . so come and winter with us that you can smile too.

LINCOMBE HALL

The Garden Hotel of Torquay

South aspect and central heating throughout. Full staff and service. 50 bedrooms . . . many with private bath. Write for descriptive brochure and Special Winter Inclusive Terms.

THE GARDEN HOTEL Lincombe Hall OF TORQUAY

The only Five Star Hydro in England

Five Star in all but price, the Cairn Hydro is hard by the Royal Baths and Royal Hall—yet on the edge of the moors. Here is everything for recreation of mind and body. Oakdale Golf Course five minutes' walk away. Bridge, dancing, tennis on the spot. All modern electrical and hydropathic treatment and studied diets.

THE CAIRN HYDRO

HARROGATE

Mr. E. P. Richman, our new Manager, late of the Empire Hotel, Bath, will gladly send you details or show you over the hydro, its model kitchens and baths. Telephone 4005. A.A. R.A.C.

SCOTLAND

EDINBURGH THE ALISON HOTEL

Melville Crescent

Equipped with modern conveniences which make for comfort and prompt service. Centrally situated.

Telephone 31295 *Telegrams : Melcrest, Edinburgh*

BALLIKENRAIN CASTLE HOTEL

BALFRON

Telephone 44

STIRLINGSHIRE

A wonderful luxury hotel in magnificent surroundings. The cuisine is excellent and everything to add to the enjoyment of guests has been provided. The ideal place for a holiday. 300 acres of lovely grounds.

WRITE FOR BROCHURE

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Abingdon.—Crown and Thistle (Oxford, 6 miles)
Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Barton Mills (Nr. Bury St. Edmunds).—Bull Inn.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Bognor Regis.—"Dalbeattie," Private Hotel.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bray-on-Thames.—Hinds Head Hotel.
Brighton.—Sixty Six Hotel. Tel. Hove 1637.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest.
Bromley.—Sundridge Park Hotel.
Bude.—Grenville Hotel. Tel. 15.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Cambridge.—University Arms. Tel. 2557
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Coverack (Cornwall).—Headland Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester.—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.)—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Eastbourne.—Cumberland Hotel. Tel. 4200.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Exmouth.—Knappe Cross Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Felixstowe (Suffolk).—Grand Hotel.
Findon, nr. Worthing.—Findon Manor Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Forest Row (Sussex).—Roebuck Hotel. Tel. 124.
Hailsham (Sussex).—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—Prospect Hotel.**** Tel. 3015.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Hythe (Kent).—Seaview Hotel, Seabrook.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lewes (Sussex).—White Hart Hotel. Tel. 94.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Lynton.—Valley of Rocks Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Mere (Wilts.).—Old Ship. Tel. 58.
Mudeford (Hants.).—Avonmouth Hotel.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Northumberland.—Otterburn Hall Hotel. Tel. 26
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Polzeath (Cornwall).—Dorrit Hotel.
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Royal Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Ruan-High-Lanes (S. C'nwall).—Pendower Htl.
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Grand Hotel. Tel. 55.
St. Ives (Hunts).—The Pike and Eel Inn.
St. Mawes.—Pen-e-Glos. Telephone 209.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone : 1053.
Sidmouth.—Royal Glen Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Southampton.—The Polygon Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel. 'Phone 31.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Thorpeness.—Dolphin Hotel. Tel.: Aldeburgh 302
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Torquay.—Vernon Court Hotel. Tel. 2676.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Eaton Socon (56¾).—Ye Olde White Horse.
Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Buttermere.—The Buttermere Hotel. Tel. 4.
Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Shanklin.—Shanklin Towers.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Arundel Hotel, Arundel St., W.C.2. Tem. Bar 4216
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Hans Crescent Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl, W.8. Wes. 8121
Leinster Court, Leinster Gardens, W.2.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
The Goring Hotel, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.
Whiteness Hotel, Queen's Gardens, W.2.

SCOTLAND

Balfron (Stirlingshire).—Ballikenrain Castle Htl
Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Dunkeld.—The Birnam Hotel. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—Braid Hills Hotel. Tel. 54748/9.
Edinburgh.—New Carlton Hotel.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Glendevon.—Castle Hotel.
Perth.—Royal George Hotel.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.
Tweedsmuir (Peeblesshire).—The Crook Inn.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

WALES

Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77.
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.
Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.

Patrons: Their Majesties The King & Queen.

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MOTOR EXHIBITION

Private Cars and Carriage Work; Car Radio; Boats and Marine Engines; Caravans and Trailers; Service and Garage Equipment; Components, Accessories and Tyres; Working Exhibits.

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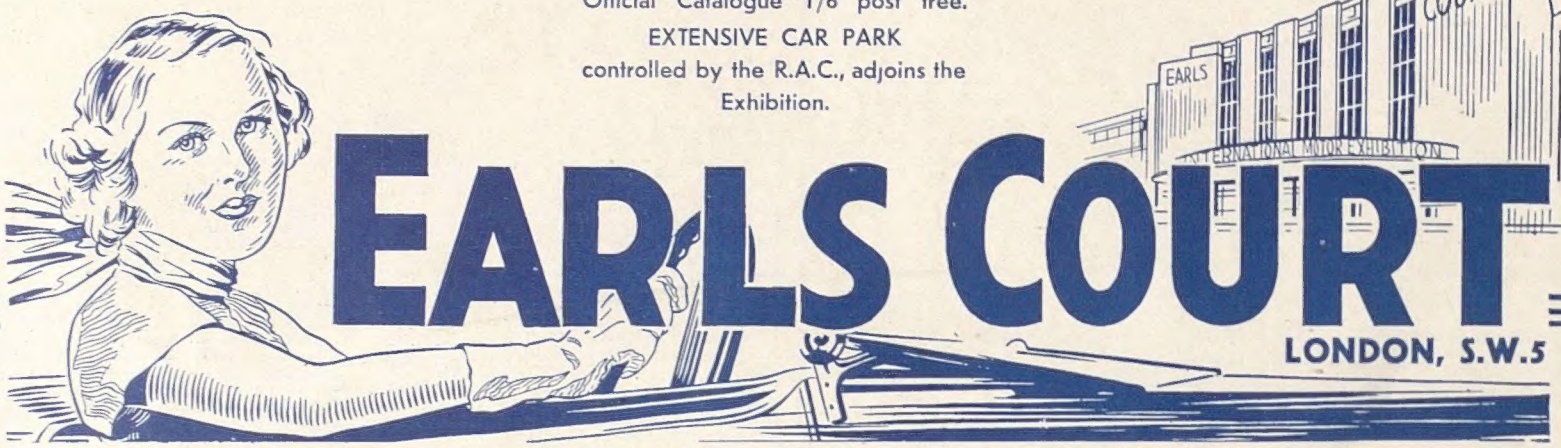
Official Catalogue 1/6 post free.
EXTENSIVE CAR PARK
controlled by the R.A.C., adjoins the Exhibition.

DAILY 10 till 10
ADMISSION - - - - - - 2/6
except Thursdays and Tuesday before 5 p.m. - - - - - - 5/-
LADIES' DAY, THURS. OCT. 13. The customary charge for admission on the opening day conveys the privilege of free admission for a lady accompanied by a gentleman.



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LONDON, S.W.5

C.D.C.

Aged · Of Rare Mellowness · Subtle Bouquet · Distinctive....

BY HOST · BY GUESTS · BY ALL PREFERRED!

Wm. Grant & Sons, Ltd., Distillers, Dufftown, Scotland.

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